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THE BYSTANDER April 26, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 26—May 2

THEATRES

Straight Plays

CANDIDA.—Catherine Lacey as the woman in a revival of Shaw's play about the parson, the wife and the poet: Westminster, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The successor to *Nine Sharp* has the same cast—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, Betty Ann Davies, etc.: Little, 9.0.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger; St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title typifies this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jenny Laird and Sebastian Shaw head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS.—A real murder story, with real people; Frederick Peisley as the killer, Mary Clare as his mother: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET.—Another excellent scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MOTHER.—Louise Hampton is the centre of Karel Capek's moving play about folly and heroism in men: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—A strong, touching play for the connoisseur; John Mills, Niall McGinnis, Claire Luce: Gate.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are Katharine and Petruchio: Old Vic, 8.0 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—Beatrix Lehmann makes a tour de force as a homicidal nymphomaniac in this strong thriller: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability, outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—The story of a gold-digger's progress, played by Phyllis Calvert: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Claire Booth's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes and opera stars, with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

The Stratford Festival

The annual festival of Shakespeare plays at the poet's birthplace is in production once more: here, John Laurie and Alec Clunes as Othello and Iago, in the play guest-produced by Robert Atkins

REVUDEVILLE No. 119.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Hippodrome (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Night

ASMODÉE.—From France via the Gate, this Mauriac play shows an Englishman abroad who causes trouble: Wyndham's, Tues., 2nd.

CINEMAS

BLACK EYES (French).—Simone Simon and Harry Baur in a pre-war Russian romance drama woven round the famous song: Berkeley.

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon in a sombre, strong film not altogether true to Zola's original: Paris.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Marble Arch Pavilion.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT (American).—A good film version of Sherwood's next-war play, with Clark Gable, a blonde Norma Shearer, Edward Arnold: Empire.

THE LADY FROM KENTUCKY (American).—George Raft, Ellen Drew, in a South-savoured story: Plaza.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act better than the story deserves in this romance: Carlton.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (American).—Carole Lombard and James Stewart in a well-acted exposition of domestic troubles and joys: London Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic, realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One

ROMANCE IS SACRED (American).—Joan Blondell and Fernand Gravet in this: Regal.

THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL (American).—John Garfield, the *Dead End* kids, and Claude Rains in a story about a boxer: Warner.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (American).—Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven in this film of the Brontë novel: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

INTERNATIONAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN:

DIE VERKAUFTE BRAUT (Beecham).—Mon., 1st, 8.15.

PARSIFAL (Weingartner).—Tues., 2nd, 5.45.

SADLER'S WELLS:

DER ROSENKAVALIER.—To-night, 26th, 7.45.

HAUNTED BALLROOM, CUPID AND PSYCHE, PATINEURS.—Thurs., 27th, 8.30.

THE WRECKERS.—Fri., 28th, 8.

RAKE'S PROGRESS, HOROSCOPE, PATINEURS.—Sat., 29th, 2.30.

CARMEN.—Sat., 29th, 8.

LAC DES CYGNES II., CUPID AND PSYCHE, HOROSCOPE.—Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY.—This is the title of the dance programme by the ballet company of the Opera House, Budapest: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MUSIC

PAUL ROBESON.—The singer with the London String Orchestra under Harty in works by Myaskovsky and Tchaikowsky: Queen's Hall, Sun., 30th, 3.15.

London Music Festival:

KREISLER and the L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Bizet's "Patrie" overture, Brahms' concerto in D, Sibelius' seventh symphony, Berlioz's overture, "Carnaval Romain": Albert Hall, to-night, 26th, 8.15.

LENER QUARTET and GOOSSENS.—Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet, Bax's quintet for Oboe and quartet, Beethoven's quartet in C: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 27th, 8.30.

MOISEWITSCH and the L.P.O.—Wood conducts in Bach's sixth Brandenburg concerto, Rachmaninoff's concerto in C minor, Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," Elgar's Enigma Variations: Queen's Hall, Fri., 28th, 8.15.

THE ST. JOHN PASSION (Bach).—Five soloists, the Bach choir, two string orchestras, under Reginald Jacques: Queen's Hall, Sat., 29th, 8.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The London Mozart Orchestra, Betty Humby and William Glock, in a Mozart and Haydn programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 30th, 3.15.

R.P.O. CONCERT.—Ethel Bartlett, Rae Robertson and the Boyd Neel String Orchestra in a Handel, Schönberg, W. F. Bach, Anson programme; Queen's Hall, Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

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The Bystander, April 26, 1939 No. 1845. Vol. CXLII.

The Bystander

Anthony Buckley

Luise Rainer: English Debut on May-Day

Next Monday at the Palace, Manchester, Luise Rainer will act on an English stage for the first time. Her choice of play—made after reading many during her two months' stay here—is an adaptation by Geoffrey Kerr from Jacques (*Tovarich*) Deval and is called *Behold the Bride*. Her supporting cast includes Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts, Hazel Terry. Manchester, Leeds and Glasgow will be given the chance before London to judge what the Viennese-born Reinhardt star can do on the stage after five or six years before Hollywood's cameras. Meantime her *Great Waltz* film tours the suburbs and her *Dramatic School* is due to follow it

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By Edward Mordant

THERE is a seventeenth-century cottage under the Downs, not far from Glyndebourne. Its windows, set in mellow red walls, looked out this Sunday on daffodils racing in companies down to a quiet pond. Beyond the pond, through trees beginning softly to glimmer with green, the little squat spire of the church called its peaceful parishioners to quiet meditation among the almond blossoms. There was no other sound except an occasional protest from some young sheep in a thatched pen in a field across the pond. This, I reflected as I walked between the daffodils to a great bed of hyacinths, is the pax Britannica. It is to ensure this quiet that we may be called upon to endure the extreme of disquiet.

As though to punctuate my reflections, the quiet was torn like the tearing of a linen sheet by half-a-dozen aeroplanes flying overhead. One could almost see two angry hands of war rip the silence.

At this moment two other guests in the house joined me; one, looking at the engines of defence (or destruction), asked what conceivable advantage the invention of aircraft had bestowed on mankind. "It is true," said he, "that we can now reach one place from another in a hundredth of the time it was possible thirty years ago. What advantage does this serve when we take with us everywhere the same unquiet heart, and find the same proof of fear and disturbance? And what," he continued, "is the immediate cause of this disturbance, except the very engines which change skies in twenty minutes, but never change hearts, except for the worse?"

These, I admit, are trite observations, and yet for the first time in my life I felt that one conquest over nature had been a victory not for the angel, but for the beast in man. This thought was driven home as, during the course of the day, we were successively visited by an air-raid warden, a visitor dealing with the question of evacuated children, and a recruiter for fire-fighters. This succession of ardent exponents of National Service yielded in the evening to the wireless news, with comments upon President Roosevelt's appeal to the Dictators.

When this was over quiet resumed its possession of the Sussex Downs. Not even an owl hooted. The stars came up. I stood in the garden a little while, and thought of that time and place where beyond these voices there is peace.

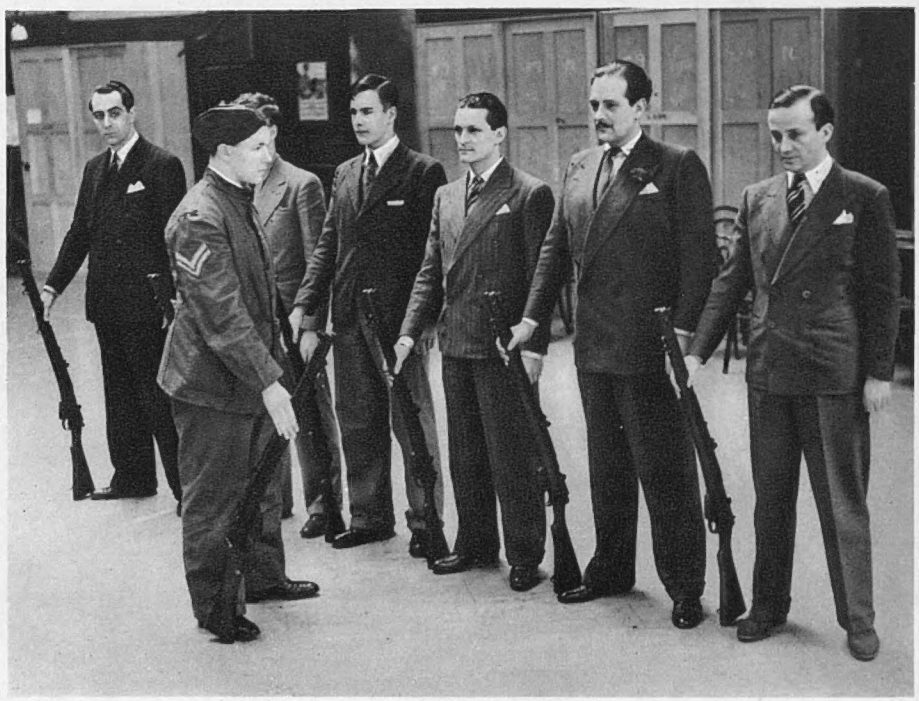
APROPOS the wireless news, I see that a controversy about the B.B.C. foreign news service has been raging again. I confess that in this matter my sympathies are entirely with the B.B.C. as against the critics. The business of balancing news exactly and of giving the proper and fair emphasis to each part of the bulletin is one of great delicacy. It must not be forgotten what a great mass of information is pouring in all day long from every quarter of the globe. The time for its dissemination is necessarily limited, and it is a work of great skill to see that nothing essential is omitted or distorted.

The listeners who complain are generally persons particularly interested in one aspect of the news. If, for example, they are pro-Russian, they desire that events in Russia should receive prominence over those, say, in the Spain of Franco. If they are earnest party-politicians, they would expect attention to be given to their point of view in home politics to the exclusion of much other material interesting to the rest of the population. The B.B.C., however, cannot and should not cater for any particular section or opinion. It is their duty, which they perform well, to give the news as news, with the sole object of exposing the truth if, in foreign affairs, that fugitive still exists.

THE truth is that for an adequate survey of foreign news the time at the B.B.C.'s disposal is not sufficient. One could have wished from this point of view that it had been possible to re-establish two papers which were published for a short period after the war. These related the first to international political news, the second to trade and commerce. They were edited by a well-known Fleet Street journalist who later became German correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

The political journal gave long extracts on all the leading questions of the day from papers of all shades of opinion in the leading countries of the world. The suspicion of partiality was, therefore, completely avoided. The sub-editor's difficulty in reducing the news to the space at his command is always that he may suppress a part of the truth in favour of the view represented by his paper or by his own feelings. In these journals—especially in the political one—the space was so considerable that a very fair estimate of prevailing foreign opinion and foreign events was given week by

***Bhopal** was en fête for the wedding last week of the Nawab's daughter, Princess Sajeda Sultan, to the reigning prince of one of the smaller Punjab States, the Nawab of Pataudi. H.H. is known here as the Oxford, Worcester and England cricketer who scored centuries in his first 'Varsity match and first Test match*



***"Actors' Rifles"** seems to be the right name for the Queen's Westminster (16th London) Regiment, which has been specially formed for men who work in the evening, and has consequently attracted a big stage entry. Among this lot of recent recruits fallen in for the cameraman are (right to left) Frank Lawton, now in "Quiet Wedding," at Wyndham's; Guy Middleton, who has played throughout the two and a half years' run of "French Without Tears," and, at far left, Lawrence Green*

week. There are in existence one or two informative journals which perform something of this service. There is, however, nothing which covers the same ground, and there never was a time when such a thing was more urgently needed.

INCIDENTALLY, Mr. Lloyd George, who has just beaten the record for the longest continuous membership of the House of Commons, constantly consulted these publications, which, in an official form, had started under the ægis of his Government.

Mr. Lloyd George, with one possible exception, is still the most eminent figure in public life. He has so many claims to remembrance and distinction that his pre-eminence as a spontaneous political wit is sometimes forgotten. With the possible exception of Sheridan, he has had no rival in this field. It was L. G., as an irresponsible young back-bencher, who dared to attack the majestic Joe Chamberlain in a phrase which he must have coined as he spoke. Some discussion was taking place on the subject of Government contracts, and L. G., with a sudden flash, observed : " Mr. Speaker, it is a strange thing that the more the Empire expands the more the Chamberlain family contracts."

At a later date, when bearing, but not bowed down by, the burden of office, he chose, during the passage of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, to make an attack on the Cecil family, in which he said, among other brilliant passages of invective, that they dared to defend the Establishment " with their hands dripping with the fat of sacrilege."

Finally, a war-worn veteran, he maintained to the full his matador skill, as exhibited at the end of his quarrel with Dr. (now Lord) Addison. In a speech dealing with his colleague's resignation, he pointed out what pleasure this had given to the Opposition. He likened the Doctor's return to that of the prodigal son who found not a fatted calf but only cold veal awaiting him.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S command of dazzling repartee takes the mind back to other famous examples, either in the past or the present. I have mentioned Sheridan. His most famous witticism is almost too hackneyed to repeat. But I repeat it here for the pleasure of seeing it in print. He was largely interested in Covent Garden. Most of his fortune disappeared when the theatre was burned. On the occasion of its destruction he was found sitting with a bottle of wine drinking cheerfully in the neighbourhood, while the structure blazed to heaven. When someone remonstrated with him, he observed with a mixture of gallantry and unequalled wit : " Cannot a man drink a glass of wine by his own fireside ? "

In later days, passing by " Dizzy's " " intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," there are two historic political jokes of our own time which should not be forgotten. One is when a famous living politician, hearing a young man follow in his father's footsteps, observed that he was a chip of the old blockhead. The other was when the same politician remarked, on hearing of a political appointment to a high office, that it was the least defensible appointment since Caligula appointed his horse as Consul.

THE mention of " Dizzy " reminds me that by a magnificent act of generosity the present owner of Hughenden Manor is presenting it to the nation as a permanent memorial to the Earl of Beaconsfield. It will, indeed, be " Primroses all the way," because one of the conditions of the deed of gift, apparently, will be that there should be an annual Primrose League pilgrimage to the house.

It is, surely, one of the oddities of English history that the Prime Minister who in the last century has most fundamentally touched the affection of the English, is a man who was in character, appearance, and oratory, utterly esoteric. When Mr. Ernest Milton played him with such extreme ability and skill in *Victoria Regina*, there were some critics who complained that his interpretation was too fantastic. They were completely wrong. It was precisely that touch of Oriental fantasy which Mr. Milton, with unbelievable insight, brought to life, that captured the nation and its ruler. It still, apparently, holds its sway.

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES is one of the twelve Regional Civil Defence chiefs whose appointment was announced during last week. Sir Auckland has been much in the news lately as rendering continuous assistance in the National Service campaign.

During the last war the Geddes family rivalled the Chamberlains in their eminence and ubiquity. Indeed, E. V. Lucas, in his ever-memorable *Quoth the Raven*, which formed a day-to-day diary of events during the war, had as the event of one day in one month the following entry : " Sir Ernest Shackleton organises expedition to Scotland to search for new Geddes." After the war Sir Eric was appointed the chairman of the Committee of Three Men of Goodwill, as they described themselves, who exhibited that quality by shattering all sorts of hopes and aspirations which they found growing up in a rather extravagant form about them. It was to commemorate this achievement that a wit wrote the following four lines of doggerel :

When at creation God was faced
With earth's illimitable waste,
We understand that what He said is,
" Let there be light," and there was Geddes.

Anglo-Italian diplomacy *in Rome is now in the hands of the new ambassador, Sir Percy Loraine, formerly ambassador to Angora. He had just been to pay one of his last visits to the Foreign Office. Lord Perth, the retiring Ambassador, had his farewell interview with Mussolini on Friday*

Roumanian trade *is the object of another British mission which set out last week. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, head of the mission, left London with his wife on Thursday, while M. Gafencu, the Roumanian Foreign Minister, was discussing the German-Roumanian trade agreement in Berlin before coming to London. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross's daughters, Prudence and Fiona, saw him off at Victoria, and so did M. Tilea, the Roumanian Minister (right)*

Merle Oberon and Korda at Last Week's Patriotic Premiere

Alexander Korda, London Films' chief, and producer of "The Four Feathers," arrived at that picture's Odeon premiere with Merle Oberon, newly back from America (her own premiere, "Wuthering Heights," was last night). These two, seen here with Capt. Sir Connop Guthrie, last week denied their forthcoming or forthcome marriage

Sailor's Son to See Soldiers' Heroism

Lady Jellicoe was accompanied to "The Four Feathers" premiere by her just-twenty-one-year-old son, Lord Jellicoe. A. E. W. Mason's patriotic story was filmed with the blessing of the Army, had a beflagged, be-socialited premiere in aid of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases

Composer and Singer See Ballet Photography

Benjamin Britten, the young composer, and Hedli Anderson, singer in George Black's "Black and Blue" at the Hippodrome, were photographed at the opening of the Sadler's Wells exhibition of ballet photographs by Baron

Palace Hospitality for the President's Son

When James Roosevelt went to see "Under Your Hat" at the Palace Theatre the management did not lose the opportunity of entertaining him; in this group, he stands between Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hillman (the latter is better known as June). The American President's son went into the film side of the entertainment business last year

Professor Szell for Australia

Professor George Szell, conductor of the Scottish orchestra, has left by Empire flying-boat to fulfil a three months' engagement with the Australian Broadcasting Commission. To do this he had to refuse an invitation to conduct Toscanini's orchestra in New York during the Fair there. Here, with his wife

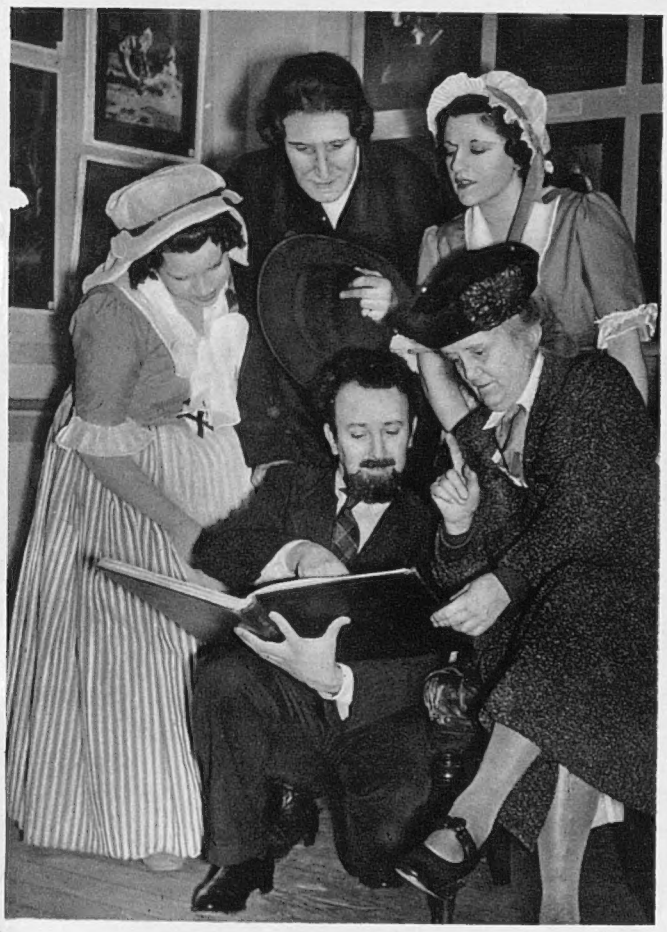
Approving Cézanne on His Centenary

Sir Edward Marsh, boulevardier in the world of art, and Mr. Edward Rothenstein, youthful director of the Tate, were two opening-dayers at the Cézanne centenary exhibition which has come from Paris to Rosenberg and Helft's. It was inaugurated by Lord Willingdon, is in aid of St. George's Hospital

Gypsy Experts

Dame Laura Knight's one-man show, the biggest she has ever held, opened last week at the Leicester Galleries. Notable among the sixty-five pictures were not, as commonly expected, scenes of circus life, but of gypsies, Dame Laura's new study. For twelve years she has studied the wanderers, now shows the results for the first time. She is here with Lady Eleanor Smith, fellow-student of romany

News Reel: Comings and Goings in the Service of the Arts



Cornish Fisherfolk at the Wells

Last week Sadler's Wells produced for the first time "The Wreckers," opera of old Cornwall by Dame Ethel Smyth. The composer, eighty-one last Sunday, attended rehearsals, was photographed with Warwick Braithwaite (conductor), Edith Coates, Jack Wright and Nora Gruhn

Gods and Goddesses at the Wells

Lord Berners (left) gave a party to show the designs and dresses for his new ballet, "Cupid and Psyche," which has its premiere to-morrow night at Sadler's Wells. With him here are Juno (Ursula Moreton), Ceres (Pamela May), Minerva (Mary Honer) and Jupiter (David Grey). The designer is Sir Francis Rose, and Mme. Ira Belline has executed the dresses. The choregraphy is by Frederick Ashton, and the chief roles are being taken by Julia Farron, Frank Staff and Michael Somes

Social Register

Weddings and Engagements

Fayer

Mr. Stephenson and Miss Congreve

William Stephenson, eldest son of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, and Lady Stephenson, and Mary Gloria Congreve, only daughter of the late Major W. La T. Congreve, V.C., and the Hon. Mrs. William Fisher, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Queen Mary and Princess Marie Louise sent wedding presents to the bride

Mr. Turner and Miss Ball

Nigel F. Turner is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Turner, of Hungerford Park, Berks. Diana Elizabeth Ball is the elder daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, of Kimbridge House, Romsey, Hants. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, she wearing white lace heavily embroidered in gold, and carrying a white and gold bouquet

Major Bower, the Hon. Catherine Hotham

Major Roger Herbert Bower and the Hon. Catherine Hotham had a country wedding at Dalton Holme, Yorks. He is in the K.O.Y.L.I., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bower, of 41, Ranulf Road, N.W. She is the youngest daughter of the late Captain H. E. Hotham, and Mrs. Hotham, of Fangfoss Hall, York, and sister of Lord Hotham

Captain Gooch and Miss Barbara Hoare

Capt. Richard Frank Gooch, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Sir Thomas Gooch and the late Lady Gooch, of Benacre Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk, and Barbara Susan Hoare, daughter of the late William Douro Hoare, and Mrs. Hoare, of Guessens, Welwyn, Herts, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with a Coldstream Guards guard of honour. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Lord Somerleyton

Mr. Seton, the Hon. Jean Campbell

Alexander George Seton, of Ol Oldama, Naro Moru, Kenya, and the Hon. Jean Campbell were married on a windy spring day at Jedburgh Old Parish Church. He is the eldest son of the late George Seton, and Mrs. Seton, of Stonehall, Wolf's Castle, Pembrokeshire. She is the only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. John B. Campbell, and Alice Lady Stratheden, of Hunthill, Jedburgh, and sister of Lord Stratheden and Campbell

Mr. Pinney

George Frederick were married at and have gone to moon. He is the of Devereux House, Her parents are Sir Ampton Hall, Bury

Sir Alfred Beit and Miss Mitford

Sir Alfred Beit, M.P. for St. Pancras, son of the late Sir Otto Beit, married Clementine Mitford at Northaw, Herts. She is the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Mitford, and Lady Helen Nutting, of Manor Fields, Northaw, and a niece of the Earl of Airlie and Lord Redesdale

Mr. Archer-Shee and Miss Courage

Robert Archer-Shee, 10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Martin Archer-Shee, and Lady Archer-Shee, and Bridget Courage, daughter of Raymond Courage, of Edgcote, Banbury, Oxon, and the late Mrs. Courage, were married at Brompton Oratory and have gone abroad for their honeymoon

Fayer

Lt. Hayes, the Hon. Rosalind Finlay

Lieut. John O. C. Hayes, R.N., elder son of Major and Mrs. L. C. Hayes, of Nafford Hall, Eckington, Worcs, and the Hon. Rosalind Finlay, only daughter of Lord Justice Finlay and Viscountess Finlay, were married at the Temple Church, with a reception in the Middle Temple Hall. The bride wore ivory slipper satin, and carried a big sprayed bouquet of lilies of the valley

and Miss Lacy

Pinney and Eveline Lacy St. James's, Spanish Place, France for their honey- son of Frederick Pinney, Coleshill, Warwickshire. Pierce and Lady Lacy, of St. Edmunds, Suffolk

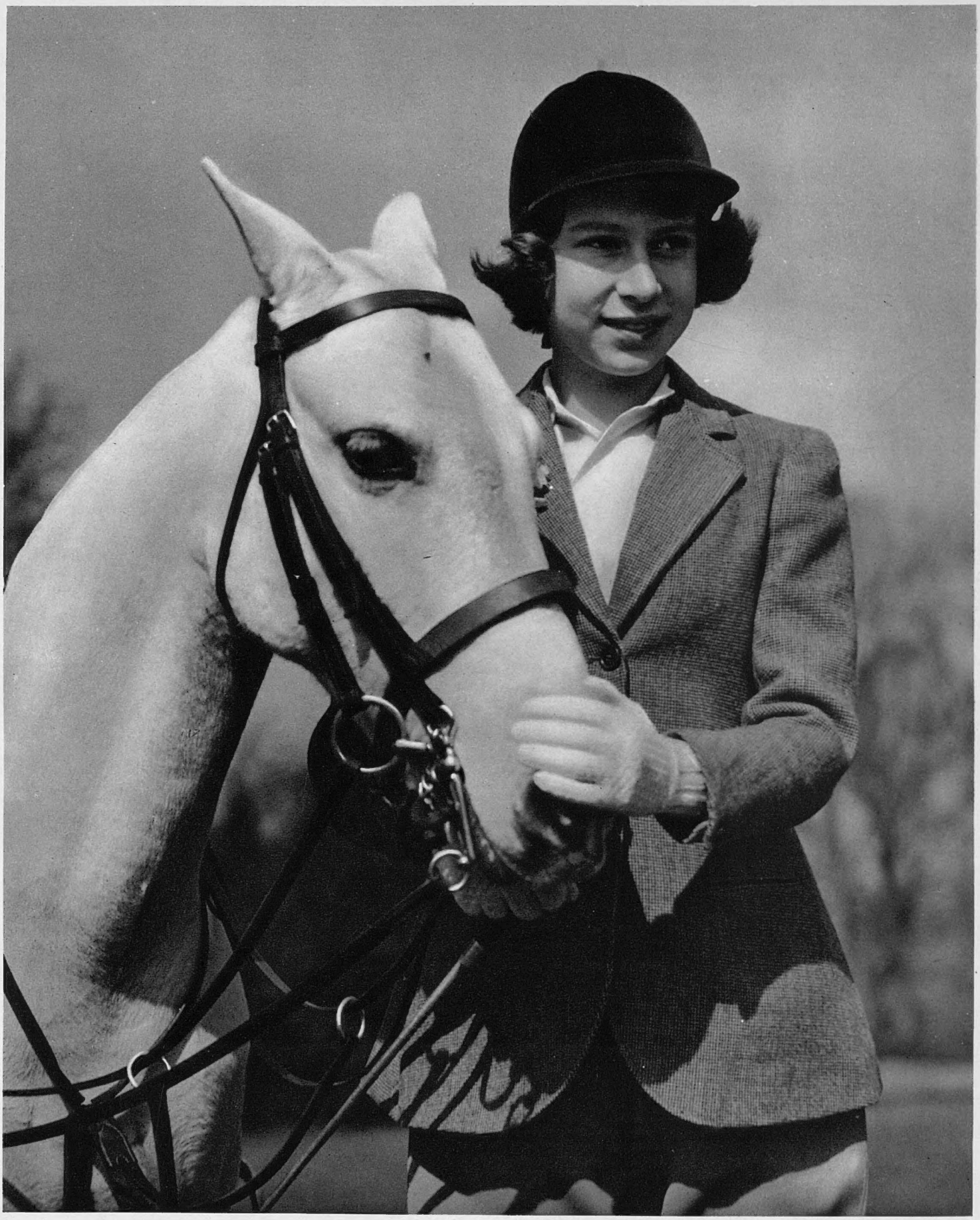
Lady Diana Percy and Her Mother

The Duchess of Northumberland and her daughter were on their way to a fitting of Lady Diana Percy's wedding dress. She is being married on Saturday at Westminster Abbey to Viscount Brackley, only son of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. The Duchess of Northumberland is Mistress of the Robes to the Queen

The couple on the right are the Earl of Hopetoun and Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, who were racing together on City and Suburban day at Epsom. He is the elder son and heir of the Viceroy of India, the Marquess of Linlithgow. She is a granddaughter of the Duke of Abercorn

The couple below are Lady Elizabeth Paget and Raimund von Hofmann - sthal, whose engagement was announced last week. He is the son of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet and dramatist; his first wife was the former Alice Astor. She is the second of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters

Two Engaged Couples



Her Thirteenth Birthday

Last Friday Princess Elizabeth crossed that great boundary in a young life that divides childhood from girlhood: she celebrated her thirteenth birthday. She and her father, the King, and her eight-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, went riding in the morning through the sunlit green beauty of Windsor Great Park. Princess Elizabeth rode her white pony, and wore primroses in the buttonhole of her tweed jacket

Joan and Brenda

Two glamour celebrities met at the Stork Club when Joan Crawford and Brenda Diana Duff-Frazier sat at the same table and watched the dancing crowd who watched them back. Joan Crawford's divorce from Franchot Tone went through soon after her New York visit. Brenda Frazier was just back from Nassau (see article)

Mrs. D. Fairbanks, Jr.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mrs. Mary Huntington Hartford were married ten days or so ago. His former wife was Joan Crawford until their marriage was dissolved in 1933. Her former husband is heir to the great American chain stores fortune

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

The Swallow-the-Goldfish Epoch

So now they're swallowing goldfish. And victrola records. And angle worms. And magazine covers. Man bites snake: there's a news lead for you; better than the old classic, man bites dog. Now I wake up in the night and lie shuddering. But definitely shuddering. Thinking of American Youth, of the College Vapidities.

Such is fame that already I forget which genius, on which campus, swallowed the first goldfish. If I knew I would not tell you, for I wouldn't want to give these idiot children the joy of such publicity. But as a chronicler of manners and madness I must tell you that soon this first great experimenter, this scientist-in-embryo, had imitators. The number of goldfish swallowed rose to fantastic figures. Different youths employed different chasers to follow this novel drink.

Soon the research activities of the young rose to new heights. Testing the limits of edibility, a brave soul, craving music, acquired this by eating a victrola record; there was, of course, a pretty young woman looking on approvingly. Inevitably such habits inspired a new dance, called "Doin' the Goldfish," though it was not so inevitable that this should be invented in staid old Boston.

Next came the angle-worms, with 139 taken at two gulps. This swallower is a philosopher, declaring that the angle-worm is pure protein, and that someone blazed the trail for tomatoes, which once were considered poison instead of food.

And then there was the big sissy who, before a crowd of cheering students, bit off the head of a twelve-inch water-snake, and spat it out. The crowd thought he did not need to eat it.

Then the college junior who ate a magazine cover in twenty-five minutes flat. But what magazine? What kind of education was he thus absorbing?

These screwball, jitterbug brats are what we have made with our modern school system of teaching through interest and self-expression, rather than through drill and discipline. So well-nourished, so well-dressed, pampered by apologetic parents who want them to have Everything, already at college-age decadent, ready to follow any Pied Piper into any absurdity, I give you the Younger Generation. You can have them.

Cherry Blossom

Every spring we remember the Japanese with a certain kindliness—perhaps the only time of late—because the Japanese cherry-trees burst into pink loveliness around the Tidal Basin, and something like half a million visitors flock to Washington. The capital city has more trees per mile of city streets than any city in the world, and with its great buildings and monuments it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The cherry blossom should last all through the month of April. What I like best is to drive around the Basin at night, and see the little trees misty and bridal, framing the great shaft of the Washington Monument.

Even more people are going now to see the Lincoln Memorial than to the Monument. This is an exquisite open Greek temple, with nothing in it but the massive dark statue of the Emancipator, seated above the broad stairs.

Innovations

Believing, as I do, that some women can do anything, it is still a little of a shock to find a lady clown in the traditional Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus. There were other innovations when the Circus arrived at the Garden, particularly the effete touch of spraying perfume over the sawdust.

Arrivals

Beatrice Lillie got a shock when she greeted her son, Sir Robert Peel, who came over with his grandmother, Mrs. Luck Lillie, to spend the Easter holidays here. Sir Robert, who is now six feet two, about a foot taller than his mother, had grown a moustache on the way over on the Aquitania. Lady Peel looked at the moustache and declared, with a characteristic gesture: "That must go!"

Eve Curie is here at Hampshire House, after being a guest at the 'Frisco Fair. The whole country is rejoicing over having a celebrity who is so beautiful and well-turned-out, and it is still reading her superb biography of her mother, Mme. Curie, whose memory America cherishes

Departures

Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson has gone back for her eight months' stint in England, after eight months of residing in Beverly Hills. Her contract is arranged this way to keep her from feeling settled down. Experts say that Merle—Miss Oberon to you—has attained the pinnacle of her profession in Samuel Goldwyn's forthcoming *Wuthering Heights*.

Leonard Lyons, *Post* columnist, tells a story about another departing British celebrity, Somerset Maugham. The novelist has always insisted that he does whatever he wants. George Kaufman, the dramatist, had the misfortune of being Maugham's bridge partner, and lost heavily, so he asked Maugham: "Do you *want* to play bridge poorly?"

Bruce Lockhart (*British Agent*, and other works) was seen at the Stork just before sailing. He has been around town, tall, charming, disarming because he is Scotch rather than English, and lets you know this. He has been called a great germ-carrier for England, and it's said he is deep inside of what is going on in America.

Joan and Brenda

The town's glamour girl No. 1 is back from sunning herself in Nassau, where she has been visiting her grandfather, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor. Brenda Frazier, most publicised debutante of all time, and heiress to eight millions, will soon be last year's model when the new crop comes out. Wearing a café-au-lait tan, a low-cut black dress and a silver-fox coat, she appeared at the Stork Club the other night accompanied by Harry Wilson. They sat at her favourite table in front of the orchestra and ordered coca-colas. Cobina Wright, Jr., dancing with Sir Robert Peel, rushed over to welcome the glamour girl.

Joan Crawford was around town, dancing with Franchot Tone, while their divorce, now achieved, ran into difficulties in California. Wherever Joan goes she causes a traffic jam, because of the multitude of ardent movie fans. So when the screen star with the fiery tresses came into the Stork, there was history in the making, for Joan and Brenda had never met before, and now they have.

Smuggling

Jack Benny, radio and screen actor, has pleaded guilty in Federal Court for smuggling gift jewellery he bought for his wife. Benny fans jammed the court-room, to hear the judge fine the comedian $10,000, and give him a suspended jail sentence of one year and a day. The judge told him he ought to be ashamed, as a well-to-do-man, for trying to cheat his Government of the paltry sum of duty.

Besides Benny, the others who have admitted smuggling are Justice Lauer's wife, Mrs. Elma N. Lauer, George Burns, of the radio and motion-picture team of Burns and Allen, and Albert N. Chaperau, self-styled South American diplomat, who brought the jewellery in.

Except for the English, we have the most amiable customs inspectors I've ever met, and lots of people try to get by with smuggling small items in in their clothes. But, alas! when they get caught!

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Ah! Dry Monopole '28!"

WITH the entire French nation perceptibly shrugging its shoulders at us and wondering when the devil we 're going to get a move on, it was more than tactless, we thought, for Fleet Street to feature those photographs of thousands of desperate men and fainting women fighting like dogs for Cup Final tickets at Portsmouth recently, cheek by jowl with photographs showing Territorial recruits rolling gamely up by the half-dozen. On the same day the *Daily Mail* printed half a column of letters passionately arguing the merits or otherwise of the Zoo Panda. Our feeling is that from such things our prospective allies, not to speak of our prospective enemies, infallibly derive the impression—not an unreasonable one either—that the British are an incurably childish, frivolous and idiotic race and that open threats to their very existence can't take their minds off their toys. We 're well aware that the same thing was happening in 1914 and that when the worst happened the rush to the Colours knocked officialdom cockeyed, but is that any answer to our allies' just complaints? Meditating on the sickening cant about the charm of our Voluntary System, which sacrifices the best to spare the worst, we heard a few lines of verse jingling vaguely in our despairful bean. They turned out on examination to be from *The Ancient Mariner*:

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a hundred thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

If you can quote us a better comment on 1914-18 by a beneficiary of the System we 'd be glad to hear it, joining our laughter to more guttural hilarity from abroad.

Blast

LISTENING over the radio to a 3000-year-old silver trumpet from Tutankhamen's tomb being blown by a bandsman of the 11th Hussars in Cairo Museum, we marvelled mildly at its stridency; though why a few thousand years should affect a perfectly preserved trumpet's tone is, on second thoughts, the query of a fool. It gave us a curious thrill (see note on historic skulls, elsewhere), though not so deep a thrill as the lovely ethereal note of St. Patrick's Bell, Ireland's greatest treasure, which was broadcast two or three years ago during the International Eucharistic Congress at Dublin; for that bell seemed like the clear voice of Patrick himself speaking over the centuries and shaming our vulgar noise, whereas Tutankhamen's trumpet spoke of nothing but cruelty and dark magic. An equally bloodthirsty but more homely trumpet we used once to know (and blow) was a cavalry-trumpet temp. Charles II., a beautiful museum-piece of rich copper and silverwork, full of dashing associations and mentioned incidentally by Pepys. Only prigs fear and despise trumpets, whereas chaps who know, like Purcell and Berlioz and Rimsky-Korsakov, value them highly, and write pulse-stirring passages for them, and as for the Great God Shaw, he never leaves off blowing, like a cherub on an Admiral's tomb.

Whether that dreadful and soul-shattering trumpet-call, the Réveillé heard in a wet, stormy winter dawn, still turns the bones of a licentious soldiery to water we couldn't say. In the modern Army, we gather, the soldier is wakened by a discreet electric device which also serves his morning China tea and shaving-water and prepares his bath. In which case he misses a great brutal horror which even now strong men remember with a sick shudder.

"Stop me if you've heard this one . . ."

Tribute

WHILE the odd but pathologically interesting thinkers of the I.R.A. are freeing Ireland from something or other by attaching time-bombs to statues of Queen Victoria in (for example) Hull, Biarritz has been following Cannes in honouring the memory of the Great White Queen who once presented a Bible to a savage chief, assuring him without the least satiric or ironic inflection that here was the secret of England's greatness. That sector of the Riviera has good cause to be grateful to Victoria—we mean of course the hoteliers and the tradesmen of that sector, for the rest of the native minority seem deathly indifferent to the improving Nordic influences in their midst (once in Cannes we heard a native refer to a passing British Newspaper Peer of terrific wealth and power as "ce type-là"). We don't quite understand the fervency of Biarritz, nevertheless, since Queen Victoria was only there once, unless we 're foully mistaken, most of its glory being due to the Empress Eugénie, who seemed to like those sea-front palaces which look like petrified whipped cream fresh from the hands of a mad *confiseur* with Art Nouveau leanings. Perhaps the Empress was attracted by that big hotel with the under-sea or aquarium restaurant, where fish butt against the windows as you eat and look at you with dull, dignified surprise, like members of the Athenæum when a Colonial arrives.

The most embarrassing thing we ever saw in Biarritz, next to some of the

(Concluded on page 128)

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

'Ullo, *you* again! Muckin' up the Status Quo as usual. Why don't yer stay at 'ome, and 'ave some Pax Vobiscum, pro rata?

(Continued from page 126)

Beau Monde bathing, was the spectacle of an extremely smart, mainly Anglo-Saxon, crowd taking "five-o'clock" on the terrace of one of the fashionable teashops and being suddenly confronted by vulgar Death, in the guise of the modest funeral cortège of one of the native poor. Several of the smart were highly indignant, and one overpowering matron spoke as if she were going instantly to write to *The Times* about it.

Nark

In America they have a beneficent system whereby maids who denounce their employers to the U.S. Customs for smuggling receive 25 per cent. of all fines levied; which means that a German maid recently sacked by a New York Supreme Court judge's wife raked off £125, over and above the moral satisfaction of seeing her mistress slung in the can for three months, owing to a little matter of smuggled Paris frocks. You 'd think the ever-present possibility of denunciation, or at least blackmail, would give smart American women a distaste for smuggling, but it doesn't. Those babies just have to live dangerously and show-off at parties — smuggled jewellery gives them the greatest kick—and so they invite their just doom. Whether the same or any tariff for domestic narks exists in this country we don't know. It 's extremely unEnglish and certainly not cricket, so it probably does. And it can't stop our British sweethearts from smuggling, either. We 've more than once gazed fascinated at some preposterous chicken-brain trying to put her stuff across under the cold grey expressionless eye of a Customs official at Dover or Newhaven, prattling the kind of lies a backward child couldn't possibly swallow. This all comes, perhaps, of chaps constantly flattering women from birth into the belief that their charms, frou-frou, and flafla, can get them through anything. They find out their mistake, poor sweets, when H.M. Customs looms up, impressionable as granite and utterly roguey-proof.

At the same time, as we 've hinted before, we can't bring ourselves to consider smuggling a particularly hellish offence, there being no kind of contract between the parties (if contracts mean anything to you nowadays) and therefore no moral obligation on the traveller, except to speak the truth if challenged.

Bean

Woodbridge, the Suffolk village where the Omar Khayyám Club pace softly once a year to tread in the footsteps of Edward FitzGerald, view his grave with the red Persian roses over it, and drink claret at the Bull, has another claim to notoriety, we perceive from the daily prints. The rector possesses the embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell. The rugged Cromwellian bean, you recollect, was removed from the body when the Royalists exhumed it under Charles II., and stuck on a spike above Westminster Hall. Part of the spike is still there, apparently, also the authentic moles, the hair, and the leftward twist of the nose, and we dare say Mr. Isaac Foot, ex-M.P., Chief of the neo-Ironsides and Wee Free idolator of Britain's Fascist Dictator is ramping with nerves in the sunny West at this moment. We trust the Rector of Woodbridge sticks firmly to his precious relic. If Mr. Foot got hold of it there might be a new Ironside expedition to Ireland, with the possible sale of thousands more of the Southern Irish into slavery in the Indies. There wouldn't be any of the former looting, massacring, burning or ravishing, of course, the modern Ironsides — we 've seen one — being what the Orange boys call very civil wee fellas, mild, rather paunchy chaps who wouldn't hurt a butterfly; but it stands to reason something would be doing once the old Ironside blood was up.

If these enthusiasts can be kept at a distance, we think Cromwell's head might be discreetly exhibited. It 's a profoundly moving experience to contemplate illustrious or historical skulls, and having gazed already on those of Louis XI., St. Catherine of Siena, and Cardinal Morton (but, alas, not on Swift's, which was on view for a brief space in Dublin a little time ago, or on St. Thomas More's, entombed at Canterbury), we try to capture the same emotions by staring as often as possible at those current Cabinet Ministers whose skulls are still attached to their shoulders, rightly or wrongly. But it isn't quite the same thing, somehow, even with Sir T. ("Slogger") Inskip.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I'm going right out of your life, Eleanor—you'll never see me again"

Women — Decorative and Useful

Another "Perfect Woman"

Chrystabel Leighton-Porter (left) was chosen Britain's "Perfect Woman" at the Eleventh Annual Physical Excellence Contest. She is a twin, and so is the thirteen-day-old lamb with which she posed at the Merchandise Centre Exhibition, Oxford Street, where she is appearing

Helen Bennett (right) is rated America's Number One model for fashions, advertisements and magazine covers. Like Buster Keaton she never smiles for the camera. This solemn beauty is over here for the "New York Floor Show" which started at the Dorchester last week

The Bond Street marriage brokers are two twenty-five-year-olds, Mary Oliver, daughter of a country parson, Heather Jenner, daughter of a brigadier-general. The L.C.C. has granted them a provisional 12-months' licence for their job. Men pay five guineas to register, twenty-five guineas on their wedding day; women pay according to means

Recruits for the W.A.T.S.

Busiest recruiting centre in the country has been the Territorial Army Information Bureau at the Mansion House where tables and stands, arrayed geographically, are served by officers, N.C.O.s, men and women of various units. City typists queue up to ask questions about the W.A.T.S. section in their lunch hour

Non-Smiling Model of 25,000 Photographs

Marriage Brokers of Bond Street

Director of the newly-revived "Wrens" (Women's Royal Naval Service) is Mrs. Laughton Matthews (sitting, right). Her assistant is Miss E. M. Goodenough, chief woman officer of the Admiralty staff, and niece of Admiral Sir William Goodenough. Mrs. Matthews was a "Wren" officer, in 1918-19

Directors of the W.R.N.S.

Films of the Day

Sex and the Screen

By George Campbell

Is sex necessary? On the screen, I mean. There was none in *Beau Geste* or *Bengal Lancer* or *The Dawn Patrol*, and I suspect that the romance could be left out of *The Four Feathers* without damaging its chances. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, at the première—a glittering affair of diplomats and gossip-writers and white ties—said his book had been filmed four times. Obviously it has some sort of elemental appeal, not difficult to define. The truth is that whereas love between the sexes may fail to excite the public, and certainly will if the hero's waist is the least bit convex or the heroine's nose an eighth of an inch too long, male friendship and self-sacrifice are practically always sure-fire.

The Four Feathers really gets it both ways. The breaking up of the friendship between Harry Faversham and his three comrades in arms when he resigns on the eve of active service, the classic gesture of each in sending him a card with a white feather, to which was originally added one from his fiancée, and his heroic redemption in the Sudan—this alone makes as stirring a yarn of adventure and heroism as English literature can show. Add that June Duprez makes a lovely, endearing heroine, and it is any odds that *The Four Feathers* will be one of the greatest money-makers this country has produced.

Films of this kind are generally a trifle naïve. In *The Four Feathers* the writing is unexpectedly adult. R. C. Sherriff, or somebody, has infused quite a lot of humour at the expense of the military type symbolised by C. Aubrey Smith, and though the service ideals of patriotism and duty are necessarily predominant, there is little or no crude flag-wagging. The battle scenes are both spectacular and realistic, thanks to the co-operation of the Army in the Sudan, and Zoltan Korda has captured the atmosphere of Nile and desert, crowded streets and beleaguered forts quite brilliantly. What with *The Drum* and *Elephant Boy* and *Sanders of the River*, the youngest of the Korda brothers has rather specialised in tropical epics. *The Four Feathers* is easily the best. The characters are plausible, if not exactly profound, the story is exciting, and the photography (in technicolour) superb.

On the acting side the honours are divided by John Clements (as Harry Faversham), Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez. Mr. Clements is a young actor of notable subtlety and power, as he proved in the small, but unforgettable, part of the Commissar in *Knight Without Armour*. This should be another landmark in a most promising career. Mr. Richardson gives another strong performance as the good, honest soldier who loses girl and sight in the service of his country, and the minor parts are all played extremely well.

Do not, I beg of you, miss *Love Affair*. Here is something we don't often get from Hollywood—a love story told with restraint, charm and humour. There is not much action. Two young people, both engaged, meet and fall in love. The girl has a serious accident. The man, even when he breaks with an heiress, has to try to earn a living by painting before he can think of supporting a wife. In the end he proves that he can paint, and the girl, laughing up at him from her chair, says that if he can paint, she can walk: the age of miracles isn't past. That is all. But it is written so wittily and tactfully, and acted so beautifully by Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne (not to mention Maria Ouspenskaya in a character role), and so brilliantly directed by Leo McCarey, that it becomes one of the oustanding pictures of the year.

"The Sisters" is also sound entertainment, especially for the women, who are said to constitute 70 per cent. of the film public. It is the story of three sisters. The eldest is strong and venturesome, the second idealistic and cautious, and the third a lovely tame cat of a creature who only wants comfort to purr. The eldest's marriage to a weakling of a reporter takes her to San Francisco, where she knows poverty and sorrow and the horrors of the earthquake and fire of 1906. The second finds that an apparently safe husband can be as unfaithful as the next. The youngest marries a rich man old enough to be her father, to see him drink himself to death—possibly, with such a wife, the sensible thing to do.

There is really no moral, and the end, with the three sisters coming together on a dance floor as if posing for a flashlight, is both odd and inconclusive. Bette Davis, Jane Bryan and Anita Louise are the daughters, and Errol Flynn the unsuccessful reporter. I must say I prefer him in more vigorous rôles, like those he had in *Charge of the Light Brigade* and *Captain Blood* and *The Dawn Patrol*.

"The Silent Battle," adapted from the French by those clever scenario writers Wolfgang Wilhelm and Rodney Ackland, should have been exciting, and, up to a point, is. The use of the beautiful ingénue (Valerie Hobson) to assassinate a Balkan statesman in the interests of an arms ring, the introduction of a reporter (John Loder) and a flippant, but highly efficient, Secret Service agent called Fishface (Rex Harrison) to foil the war-makers—all this was fair enough, but somehow the climax goes wrong, and what should be a hair-raising thrill dissolves into a series of loud noises.

Nor can I wholeheartedly recommend *Thanks for Everything*, an American farce depending on a fake air raid with broadcast reports of wholesale death and destruction. Adolphe Menjou and Jack Oakie work hard, but I've known them funnier.

"Love Affair"

The charm—and it is very real—of this film is sympathetic direction and restrained acting in a simple story of true love. Irene Dunne, so refreshingly free from glamour, is the girl, Charles Boyer the man, and no small share of the honours goes to Maria Ouspenskaya as Boyer's grandmother. Reviewed here: at the Carlton

"Wuthering Heights"

***Heathcliffe and Cathy** on Pennistone Crag : Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon*

Hollywood has made a film of the romance that Emily Brontë wrote and timidly published under a pseudonym in 1847, the year before her death. Hollywood has in the last years learned much respect for novels entitled classics ; and for this sombre, turbulent story of English country life in early-Victoriana, only the adaptation, the technical staff, the money and the small parts have been provided by Hollywood. All the leads are British, as this page shows, and other British players in the cast are David Niven (Edgar), Donald Crisp, Geraldine FitzGerald, Miles Mander (Lockwood). *Wuthering Heights* is at the Gaumont Cinema

***Heathcliffe and Hindley** clash on the "stable-boy's" return from America : Laurence Olivier, Hugh Williams*

***Ellen and Cathy** : Flora Robson, who plays the faithful tiring-woman, gives Merle Oberon the inevitable Hollywood bath at one point in the film*

The " Bystander " visits

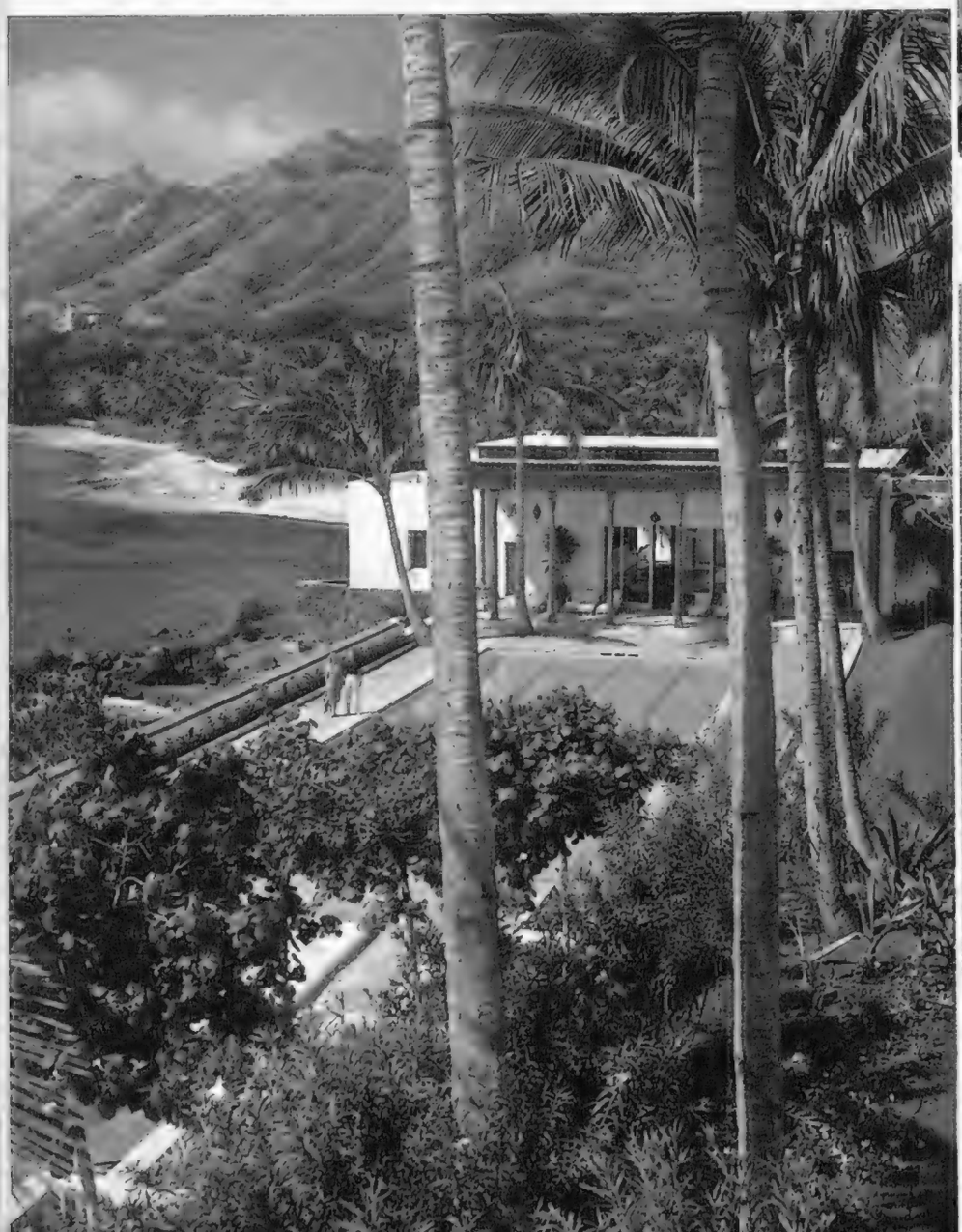
A Home in Hawaii

Waikiki is the County Town for Mr. and Mrs. James Cromwell

***Visitors' first close-up** view of the Cromwell home, Shangri-La, is this, if they arrive by water*

***A shallow, reefy sea** lies off the Cromwell estate in Hawaii, into which the owners have thrown this rock jetty: it protects the yacht basin below the house*

***The swimming-pool** has a lovely setting among palms and before a Morocco-Persian playhouse*



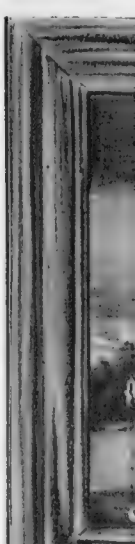
***Fishing-cum-bathing** is the favourite sport at Shangri-La. Here, on the end of the jetty above, David Kahanamoku, brother of the Olympic swimmer, has just cast net; James Cromwell, under-water goggles round his neck, holds a fish-spear. The catch goes into the frying-pan or into ornamental aquaria which act as window-boxes for the house*

The owners: *host and hostess at the home in Hawaii are James Cromwell, writer, and Doris Duke Cromwell, quiet, level-headed heiress*

IN the last six hundred years the world has opened up very rapidly and now that exploration seems complete the wealthy of the earth are moving in and building country places. Insular ideas of an out-of-town residence are turned over at the thought of notepaper stamped "Shangri-La, near Waikiki, Hawaii," but that is the address of Mr. and Mrs. James Cromwell, marrieds who saw the world for a honeymoon and picked on Hawaii as their ideal. Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell, arch-heiress, has built her first home here on a modest four-acre estate which boasts a five-roomed dwelling house in concrete, of Morocco-Persian style, a playhouse of similar design, a pool with a self-raising spring-board, a yacht basin, a tennis court, a hundred-odd planted palms. Here, according to American *Life*, the Cromwells "find a haven of retreat" (it would be hard not to). These pictures are the result of the first visit of a photographer

Madonna Duck, after Leonardo da Vinci

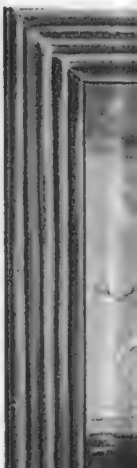
Lady Daisy Duck, in the style of Rubens



The Blu

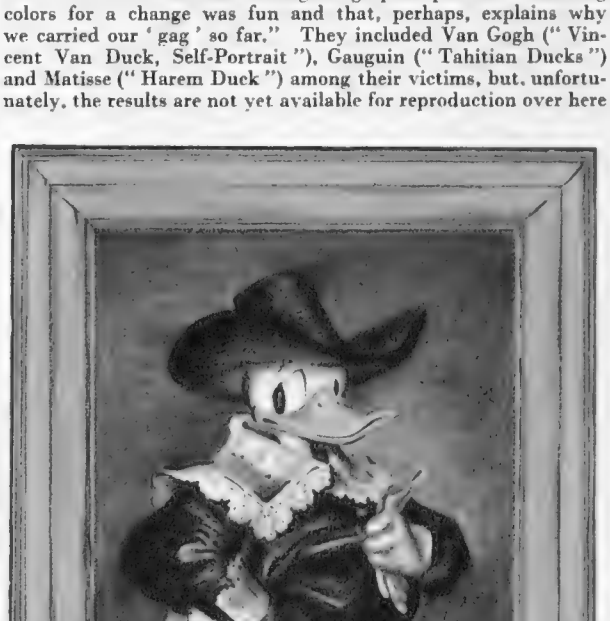
Old Master Donald Duck

Three Walt Disney animators, John Dunn, Phil Klein and Ray Patin are responsible for all this. They say: "Our 'Old Masters' were not drawn for any specific purpose. They just 'happened.' It all started when, during a lull in our work, someone suggested we draw Don as the Old Masters might have drawn him. Our first sketches were pretty rough but they got laughs. . . . We referred to color reproductions and soon discarded our early roughs for new and improved drawings. We stuck to one medium, color pencils, and tried to simulate pastels, tempera, oil and water colors with the pencils we had at hand. . . . We 're animators and use nothing but graphite pencils. Handling colors for a change was fun and that, perhaps, explains why we carried our 'gag' so far." They included Van Gogh ("Vincent Van Duck, Self-Portrait"), Gauguin ("Tahitian Ducks") and Matisse ("Harem Duck") among their victims, but, unfortunately, the results are not yet available for reproduction over here

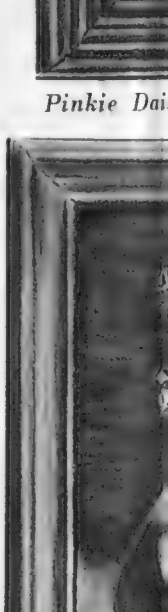


Pinkie Dai

El Quacko, in the style of El Greco

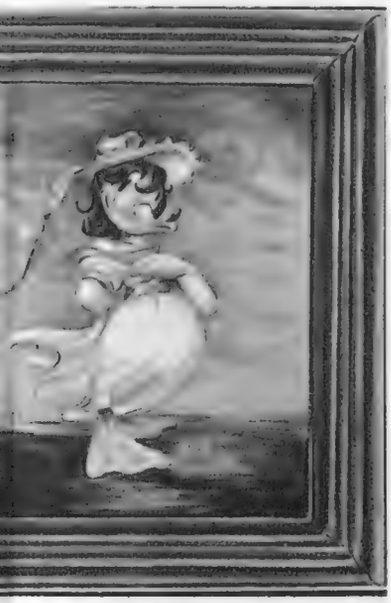


Duck with a Glove, after Frans Hals



The N

lue Duck, after Gainsborough



aisy, after Sir Thomas Lawrence

dle Snob, after Rembrandt

Two Duck Dancers, after Degas

Don's Whistling Mother, after Whistler

Third, First and Second in Lloyd's Race

Lloyd's Race, for a cup and twenty sovereigns, was won by four lengths by W. L. Dawes on his Mee Too, entered from the Mid-Kent Staghounds. Second was J. Dennistoun on Mr. J. V. Rank's Sweet Cullen, and third was F. N. Gee on his Captain Fruity. The insurance world only put up five runners for their race

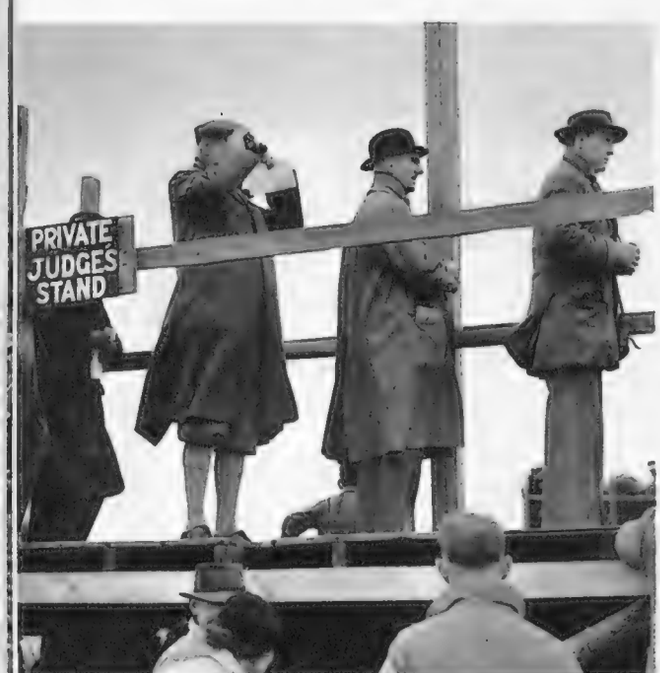
Second Fence in the Stock

Interest on a Good Investment

The best Tote win of the day was on Dan Tucker in the third race—47/3 dividend on 2/- invested.

Sir Reginald Blair is Home Office nominee on the Racecourse Betting Control Board, of which he was first chairman in 1928. He is M.P. for Hendon, and lives at Chalfont St. Giles

Sir Reginald Blair and Miss Doreen Watson



The Judges Had a Cold and Windy Home

The judges were Mr. R. L. Bristowe and Mr. H. J. Wyld. The whole organisation and atmosphere of the Stock Exchange meeting is judged by impartial observers to be of model quality. Only the weather sometimes fails

On the right is the winner of the Stock Exchange Challenge Cup, Mr. H. Meade's Dan Tucker, with Captain Kitcat up. Dan Tucker was entered from the Essex Union, who held their point-to-point on the same day

Exchange Challenge Cup Race

The big race of the day is the nomination open race for the challenge cup presented by the President and Vice-Presidents of the S.E. Point-to-Point Club. Fifteen started out of an entry of eighteen, and out of the fifteen Mr. H. Meade's Dan Tucker came in four lengths ahead (see below, left)

The City Goes Racing

The Stock Exchange Point-to-Point at Kimble

The Starter and His Party

Captain H. T. Morton, the starter, brought his horse over to the car-park where his party were having lunch before the first race. With him here are Mrs. Morton, Mr. E. O. Bleackley, one of the stewards, and his wife and small son, and Miss Cann

Lightweight Winners

J. U. Baillie (right) on his Murphy IV. won the Jack Russell Challenge Cup (members' lightweight race), and E. C. Paget on his Lobo was second. Mr. Paget is hon. secretary and Clerk of the Course to the S.E. Point-to-Point Club

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish

Lord Chesham's heir and his wife came over from Wentworth, where they live, to watch the Stock Exchange and Lloyds meeting over O.B.H. country near Aylesbury. They were married two years ago

Mr. Reid and Mrs. Pilkington

Ivo Reid on his Birnam rode in Lloyd's Race and did well until the last fence, when his horse came down. He hunts with the Bicester. Here he is talking to Mrs. Douglas Pilkington

Hay Wrightson

A Future Peeress: the Hon. Ann Forbes-Sempill

Ann Moira Forbes-Sempill bears two surnames which have been notable north of the Tweed for a great number of generations; her direct Forbes ancestor was made a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I. and commanded a troop of horse in the rebellion; her Sempill ancestor, Sir John, was made a Scottish baron in 1489, died at Flodden. The two families have often intermarried and one union joined the baronetcy and the barony; so that Ann Sempill's father, Col. Lord Sempill, is nineteenth baron and tenth baronet: she is his heir, was nineteen last month, came out last year. Lord Sempill, representative peer, ex-trainer of the Greek and Japanese air forces, colonel in the R.A.F. at twenty-five, Highland chieftain, Gaelic Bard, is now forty-five and a widower. He married Sir John Lavery's daughter in 1919, and she died in 1935, leaving him two daughters, Ann Moira and June Mary. The family owns two places in Aberdeenshire but Lord Sempill has made his home at The Lizard, Cornwall

"Bystander" Short Story

The Ardent Motorist

By Ursula Bloom

Illustrated by Eric Fraser

ROD had always been crazy about motoring; when he was eleven years old, he had stolen his father's Rolls, had shot round the park in it, and had run over a red deer, a fallen tree, and a marble lion which ostentatiously supported the bridge across the lake.

When he grew up, a car had become second nature to him. He had a feature in a smart magazine about them; he lived on road signals, said you could learn so much from them; talked plugs and coils, and had a complex about valves and tappets.

He was twenty-two when he met Chloe at a cocktail party given in somebody's petunia and cream flat; he had very hazy ideas as to whose. He saw Chloe, and noticed that she was superb in a slick black frock, with a perky little hat on top. It was just a piece of nonsense, with a couple of flowers and a foolish feather, strapped on with an absurd policeman's strap worn at the back instead of the front. She was young, with unsophisticated eyes which undid you, and lips which asked for more.

He made friends with her, and ultimately took her home in the Lagonda. He was just sober enough to recognise that he was in the Park, and that he had to go slow. Chloe wasn't like the Lagonda; she wasn't fast. She was a simple girl born of educated people, and he had got to be careful. It is not very easy to be careful when you are full of champagne cocktails. He said good-bye outside the enormous block of expensive flats in Park Lane.

"I'll be seeing you again?" he asked somewhat quaveringly, for the affair could not end here. He had got it badly.

She said certainly, and they arranged to motor out into the country on the morrow. He said good-bye to her, with difficulty restraining himself from kissing her, but the traffic-lights blazed him a scarlet warning, which was something that he understood. Then, overcome with it all, he shot off into the Park, doing an easy forty, only to be run in by one of Trenchard's more zealous young gentlemen.

Next day, of course, he was stone sober. He told himself that maybe he had seen Chloe under too lovely a light, and that she might not stand up to closer inspection. But when he met her, in pale grey with a peasant handkerchief tied over her blonde head, he wasn't so sure about his own emotions. It was a jar when she spoke, and he realised that she had some strange accent that he had not realised last night, but her beauty rather swamped it even now. He would have to go carefully, because he was unused to handling girls who were so young and so simple.

They set the Lagonda for Surrey, with the trees budding and the boughs soughing in the wind. All the time he was hyper-conscious of Chloe with that bewilderingly blue handkerchief tied over the distracting yellowness of her head.

He said: "I suppose you get hundreds of young fellows making fools of themselves over you? You must have?"

"I don't think so." She was most demure.

It must be a pose, he told himself; no girl could be so unsophisticated; and tentatively he put out a hand and took hers. "Well, I'm going to make a fool of myself. You realise that, don't you?"

Instantly she drew away her hand. "Please."

"Perhaps that doesn't sound very complimentary to you, but I don't mean it that way. You are a little heady, you know. How about calling a halt? There's a dear little pub further along this road?"

She stared at him in genuine alarm. "Please, Rod, you aren't suggesting anything like that?"

In another minute he would have suggested it, but rounding the corner he saw a barred gate signal. Hadn't he always said that road signals influenced him? Just in time he saved himself. "For tea," said he; "don't you want to stop for tea? It is a jolly little pub where they make a pretty cup."

Three days later he realised that she had gone to his head completely. Her simplicity, her genuine distress when he mentioned anything that he shouldn't. She was not one of those girls, she was far less sophisticated than her hats.

He asked about her people, and got very small response. Why worry? She lived at a good address, and, after all, he would not be marrying the family. He set them out of his mind, only to find his mother making enquiries. She had noticed that he was becoming absent-minded, that he no longer talked cars, dreamt cars, doted on cars all the time.

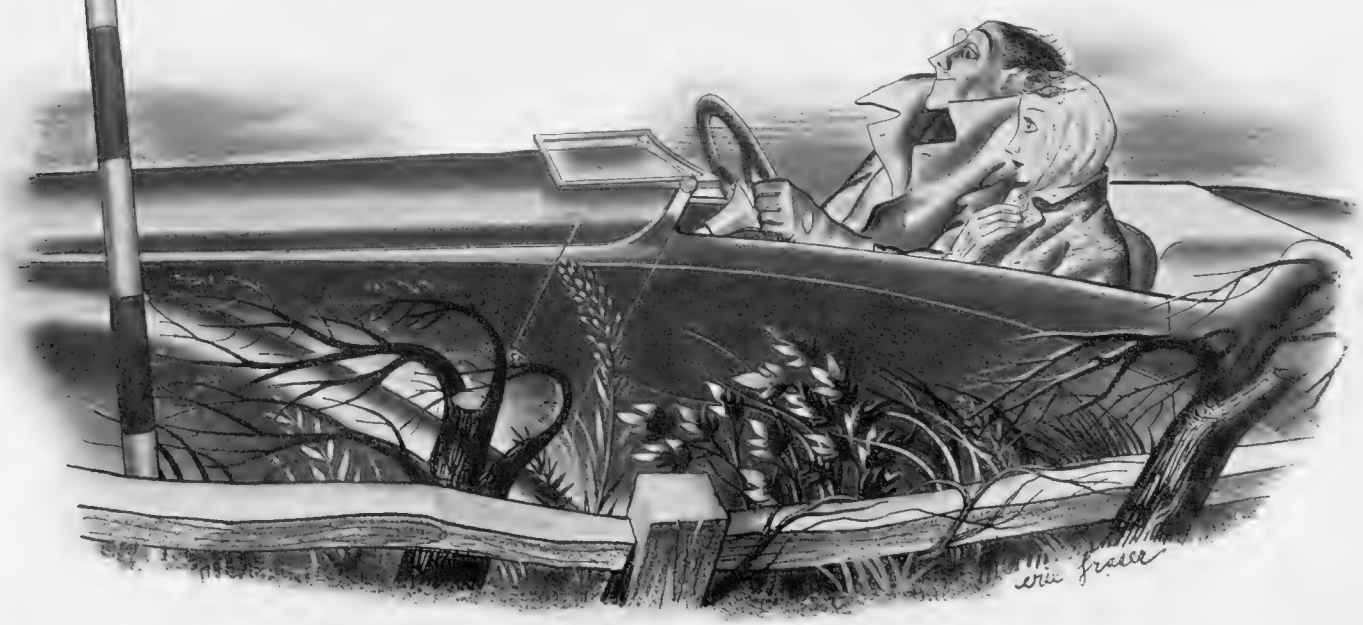
"I suppose you don't fancy you're in love?" she asked.

It wasn't fancy, he corrected her, it was the real thing.

"Who is she?" asked her mother.

He told her all that he knew; her

(Concluded on page 140)



name was Chloe Dalroy, and she lived in Park Lane. What were her people? his mother enquired, with the maddening precision of parents. He snapped that her people did not matter, when Chloe was so superb, and his mother said no more.

Driving out into the country with Chloe beside him, he came to the conclusion that he could not go on this way. It wasn't satisfying. It was purposeless. He could not pursue so crazy a path, and naturally Chloe would stand for nothing less than marriage. His usual finesses failed him.

"I cared for you always," he said, conscious of the triteness of the remark.

"I always knew that I would meet somebody like you some time," she smiled.

"Until I came to that cocktail party I thought of nothing but cars; now I think of nothing but you."

A de-restriction sign bobbed out like a target spiked on to the trunk of a tree. He thought of it as a target, and fired a shot at it, as the Lagonda spurted forward; she could touch eighty easily.

"We must get married, Chloe; you're adorable. When shall it be?"

"Oh, Rod!"

"St. Margaret's? St. Paul's? Holy Trinity? Which is it to be?"

"I'd be afraid."

"Not with me. It is a grand wedding march for two. It's yes, Chloe, say it's yes?"

Of course it was yes.

He took her home to meet his mother, and knew that this was a ticklish business. Mothers-in-law habitually dislike their sons' brides, and he knew it. As the Lagonda climbed to the top of the hill, which dropped down to the Park, he apprehensively saw the notice to motorists to engage lowest gear. He'd got to go slow.

He knew that the two women disliked one another when they sat on the extreme edge of the chairs, as though they were two cats sizing each other up before fighting. Afterwards, when he took Chloe home, she said that his mother did not like her, and wept. When he returned to his mother, she did not weep. She said: "You are throwing yourself away, Rod. What in the world are her people?"

He made a wild guess. "The old boy is something in the City. They must be well off to live where they do; it is a very good address."

She remarked icily: "The sentries at Buckingham Palace live at a good address, you know."

He saw "Danger!" sticking out in crimson letters. He would have to go into bottom gear; he would have to be careful.

He looked for Chloe's father in the telephone-book, and found no one. He went surreptitiously to the flats, hating the job, and he spoke to one of the porters.

"Mr. Dalroy, who lives at No. 13. He isn't in the telephone-book. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Why, yes, sir. He is the head porter, sir."

Rod went out into Park Lane. He shot two traffic-lights and had a narrow escape cutting across the bows of a lorry at the Marble Arch. Afterwards he was ashamed. It wasn't her fault, poor little kid! He ought to be kicked for being so cruel; she was worried about it and frightened, and as though a thing like that mattered!

He told Chloe that he knew about it, when they met, reproaching her for not having told him, because why should he care? He wasn't a snob, anyway. "As though I'd mind! As though it would worry me a couple of hoots!"

"It was your mother. She would only think the worst of me," and she broke into a long story. "We never used to be like this; once we were quite rich and had a maid and everything. Dad was done out of his birthright by his brother."

"Don't tell me about it," because somehow he felt that there was a strange similarity about that story, and having heard it before it did not bode well. "It doesn't matter."

"I don't want you to think we're common," she urged. He wished so much at this particular moment that he had not realised that the hat was a shade too perky, that the frock was a little too extreme. "And it'll be worrying because everybody'll want to come to my wedding, and I've got loads of cousins."

That would never do! He hadn't seen her cousins, but he knew instinctively that it would never do.

"We'll be married at Gretna Green," he declared, suddenly fired by the brilliance of the idea.

A traffic signal blinked a red eye at him out of the mist. Damn the signals, he told himself, they don't stand for anything, really!

He arranged that Chloe should go up to Scotland by train with her cousin Ivy. He met her by accident, because he took Chloe inadvertently to the cinema where Ivy worked in the pay-desk. She was a very nice girl with a ready tongue and a far-too-quick wit. Rod did not recover until two-thirds of the picture were through. Still, he wasn't marrying her people! It was silly to be upset, and the moment they had fixed things up at Gretna Green nothing outside would matter.

He started off one brilliant day, shot through with wintry sunshine. It was his day, his heyday, he told himself, gay with optimism.

During the day his hopes died a little. It was a tedious journey, and, what was more, he had time to think. At this particular moment he did not want to think. Doubts beset him. He remembered his friend Fleabite Hackitt, who had married that awful little chorus-girl with the fishwife of a mother. Somehow he could not laugh at it in the way he had been doing all along.

He arrived at the Border in an uncertain mood, horribly conscious that marriage is until death, or until alimony time. Either is cramping.

He was late, because whilst he had been thinking so hard he had been losing speed. He would have to take a short cut, and he turned the Lagonda towards the road. She'd make it easily this way. Rounding the last corner, he saw a crooked notice stuck jauntily against the hedge—

WARNING

This road unfit for cars.

She came to a rattling stop. He got out and stood there staring stupidly. There is something about road signs which makes you think; hadn't he always said that you could learn much from them?

Very, very much later, he turned the Lagonda in at his own park gates, utterly tired out. The marble lion which supported the bridge over the lake had another very near shave for it.

THE END.

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Nell—an Actress of To-morrow

Charles Morgan picked Pamela Nell for the Long Shot Prize at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art Matinée last month, thereby judging her the student whose "performance, large or small, aroused the liveliest hope of his or her future achievement as an artist." She took the part of an American girl in the Ferber-Kaufman play, "Stage Door. She also won the B.B.C.'s prize for technique in broadcasting. She is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Nell, of Highwood Park, N.W.7

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

SUMMER TIME began "officially" on April 16th; but most of us take little count of meteorological officialdom. We do remember, though, that tennis clubs "officially" open for the summer season on the first Saturday in May. So, while we have already had preliminary games—even if we haven't played all winter—the blessing of officialdom reminds us of the need for new kit. Here are two first-rate outfits from Selfridges of Oxford Street. On the left, a tailored sharkskin dress; two points about it that you'll appreciate: the slide fastener is long enough to enable you to step in and out of the frock; and it ties back from the waist, so that the fit is adjustable and the appearance always neat. Surprisingly, the price is only 29/11. The second outfit is less conventional. It looks like a sharkskin shirt tucked into a neatly gored skirt. And so you wear it. But if things are going against you or you're playing in a strenuous match, step out of your skirt, and underneath you have the neat all-in-one elastic-waisted affair shown in the small picture. This suit can be had in pale blue, blush pink, or white sharkskin for £5 · 5s. "Non-stock-sizers" will be interested to know that Selfridges cater specially for them with youthful frocks cut on particularly slimming lines

Toast to Taffeta

TAFFETA—the very name sounds festive; makes you think of the crisp "flick" of the material, the "whoosh" the dress will make when you wear it. It's a fabric too frequently thought of in the grand manner—for although it has whispered its way up and down stone staircases, and rustled through fiction and history, there's a youthful snappiness about it to-day that makes it perfect for such frocks as the Felicity models shown here

Scott Bushe

THERE'S something Spanish about the plain-coloured one; can you hear the swish and rustle of silk, and the sudden "crack" as she snaps her fingers? Moire in a blue brighter than navy is used for this dress. The swirl of the skirt is emphasised by a stencil pattern at the hem; shell pink moire is laid underneath the blue, and the blue cut away to show it. The neat little bolero—such a useful accessory—is decorated in the same way. Above, a taffeta dress for less sophisticated moments. Brighter-than-navy blue and white duster checks make a frock that the young girl will wear with conspicuous success; a dress that will be perfect on board ship or at summer dinner parties, and invaluable for May week. One's mother may deplore the return of stiff white petticoats, but to oneself they are an undiscovered joy, and to feel a frock held out—as this one is—by spotless starched "undies," is an entirely new sensation. The hem trimming on this dress matches the edging of collar and sleeves. Felicity models can be bought at most stores, but a card to 75, Wells Street, Oxford Street, will bring the name of your nearest agent

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

in search of novelties

Discovered by Peta

Pictured by Paon

Beauty charms—on this bracelet from Ships of Lansdowne Row. The charms include a flapjack that opens, a comb that unfolds, and a red-tipped lipstick which—surprisingly, but mercifully—doesn't write (7/6). The swan is a brooch with pink or blue shell feathers, and the fish a bracelet with green iridescent shell scales

A clutch of accessories from the Jaeger House, Regent Street. Hand-sewn fabric gloves with a padded initial on the back — 7/6, in all Jaeger colours; and a new bag in about seven pastels. Kid, soft and capacious, and it has a purse on the outside. Good with a black dinner frock or with summer dresses. Belt to match, and 12/6 each

Dirndl waist on a shirt of chiffon-fine woollen; poacher's-size pockets and the neatest turn-down "school-girl collar. There will be lots of occasions to wear this. In all colours, from Jaeger

Here's luck to your toast, whoever she is, for each of these cocktail glasses is decorated with a painted charm—four-leaved clover, wishbone, black cat, and so on. The tray and shaker are silver-plated and the set costs £4 10s. from Aspreys

It won't hold "half a pint of half-and-half," but it holds cigarettes on the dining-table, and the base can be detached and used as an ash-tray. Your guest should be intrigued. Aspreys have it, in silver

The miniature old-fashioned cheese-toaster disintegrates to become two ash-trays and a cigarette-lighter which can be passed round the table. £3 5s. from Asprey, Old Bond Street

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Simple American

By V. S. Pritchett

"HEAVEN defend me," Benjamin Franklin might have said, "from becoming a middle-class saint!" That, alas! he has become. The multifarious Citizen and Plain Man of the eighteenth century has become the Self-Helper of the nineteenth-and-after, and, superficially considered, he fits the part. With his kite-flying it is simple to write him down to the respectable but not transcendent human level of the young Watts watching the kettle boil; with his adages about prudence and thrift, it is easy to turn him into straight copybook stuff—and to forget that he was a genius, a prosaic parallel to Goethe, and a diverting personality. Words change their meaning and lose their original fire. If our picture of Franklin has become one of diffused busy-ness and worthiness, it is because the words "citizen" and "plain man" have lost their revolutionary force. A citizen, now a ratepayer, was in Franklin's time a new, vital type; the plain man was not to-day's indistinguishable season-ticket holder. He was the vigorous and rational supplanter of an aristocracy. He was the founder of the modern world and not the pavement on which everyone treads. But it has been Franklin's misfortune, brought on by the lack of a dramatic and exigent single passion in his nature, to have been taken up and distorted by the "unco' good" of the century he helped to build but never saw. So satisfied has biography been with this view and what Mr. Carl Van Doren calls the "savings-bank" version of Franklin's life, that there has been no substantial biography for seventy-five years.

I am not leading up to the suggestion that in Mr. Van Doren's *Benjamin Franklin* (Putnam; 15*s*.) the subject has now fallen among the thieves of reputation. A massive and exhaustive book, it draws heavily from the *Autobiography* and sees the phenomenon in something like his own terms. In this ocean of information one sometimes loses sight of Franklin; perhaps because of his characteristic of diffusing himself in the hundred-and-one activities of printing, trading, writing, moralising, negotiating treaties, inventing, leading a revolution, in his Shavian philanderings with ladies and his zealous founding of fire brigades; but soon, like a humorous whale, he comes up again spouting to Mr. Van Doren's surface. We regard the eighteenth century with indulgence because it thought it had settled everything and it is permissible to smile at Franklin's moralisings; but one laughs outright with delight at his riotous curiosity and inventiveness, which were not drily dissociated from life but came into his love-letters and into everything he did. He foreshadowed the profound humanity of the great sound strata in American life from which figures as different as Lincoln and Mark Twain have come. Their humour was not deprecatory and defensive, but a kind of salty basking among first principles. When Franklin saw the early balloon flights in Paris he was asked the usual silly question which all scientists have had to face: "What is the good of that?" "What good is a new-born baby?" Franklin answered.

I have not read all of this enormous book. I never read very much of biographies which speak a great deal in their subject's own words. I can read these words without wading through a biography which ought, it seems to me, to give as far as possible, a new view. But Mr. Van Doren's has found so much new material—I did not know, for example, that Franklin invented the harmonica, and I recommend to the good his canny advice to a young man on taking a mistress—that this instructive and entertaining accumulation justifies its method.

EUROPEANS nearly always misread the simplicity in American character. The English politicians thought Franklin simple enough to bribe; when they found him incorruptible, they concluded he must be crafty. He was merely honest. The type is perennial, and since America prefers amateur diplomats, the Franklin situation is always arising in the world's diplomatic circles. Miss Martha Dodd in *My Years in Germany* (Gollancz; 10*s*.) describes her father's embassy in Berlin until 1937, when his firm and honourable simplicity came up against the espionage and headlong peremptoriness of the Nazis. After the purge the Ambassador refused to meet the Nazi chiefs socially. This is an engaging and almost scandalously indiscreet book about the behaviour and characters of the foreign diplomats in Germany; and the weakness of American simplicity would seem to be that—Wilson fashion—it may become hysterical before what it doesn't approve or understand. Miss Dodd herself moved from a comfortable acceptance of the Nazis to a blind hatred of them—a hatred they stimulated by their incredible stupidities. There is a glut of this party hatred and it soon falls into the customary boring and unhelpful rhythm of the ideological tom-tom. Her portraits, on the other hand, are amusing. Her Hitler and Goering are well-observed, and her Goebbels—apparently the most presentable of the three bad men—is really interesting. This is a book of vigour and *untutored* charm.

Mary Dunn, by Josselin Bodley

Mary Dunn is a "Punch" contributor ("Lady Addle of Eigg"), author of "Beware of the Dog" and contributor to Herbert Farjeon's new revue. Her portrait has been painted by Josselin Bodley, an artist who has lived mostly in France, where his work gained him the Légion d'Honneur

MY hopes of finding another Maria Chapdelaine in Mr. V. V. Vinton's *To the Greater Glory* (Cape; 7*s*. 6*d*.) were disappointed. This is a simple, unaffected novel about a village in French Canada and is chiefly a collection of portraits of the habitants set around the story of a girl's love for a young Jesuit priest. The Gallicised English of the dialogue ("How droll!", "Where is he going, that old one there?") crashes unhappily through the mildly agreeable picture.

"SOUTH OF THE CLOUDS" (Faber; 15*s*.) is the graciously written account of a journey which took Mr. Reitlinger from Saigon to the lofty Chinese province of Yunan, and so, after difficulties, into Burma. Rare in his time, Mr. Reitlinger travelled for pleasure, and he writes pleasantly, drily, amusingly, for the reader's pleasure, too. So many travellers think it a duty to slog as painfully through prose as they did through their tropics and Himalayas. Here is Mr. Reitlinger facing "the usual gloom" of a night landfall:

"There was a very large *lo*, less dirty than most, since it was used only for maize and tobacco-drying and had a good smell and there were no dangling festoons of green, decaying pork to hit one in the face in the dark. The farmer, a Na-Shi, though not ebullient, seemed friendly and the children looked free of infectious disease."

"Though not ebullient"—half the anxious fascination of travel is in that phrase.

THE following novels are recommended: *The Woman in the Hall*, by G. B. Stern (Cassell; 10*s*. 6*d*.). *Old Haven*, by David Cornel de Jong (Heinemann; 10*s*. 6*d*.). *Foreaux*, by Kylie Tennant (Gollancz; 8*s*. 6*d*.).

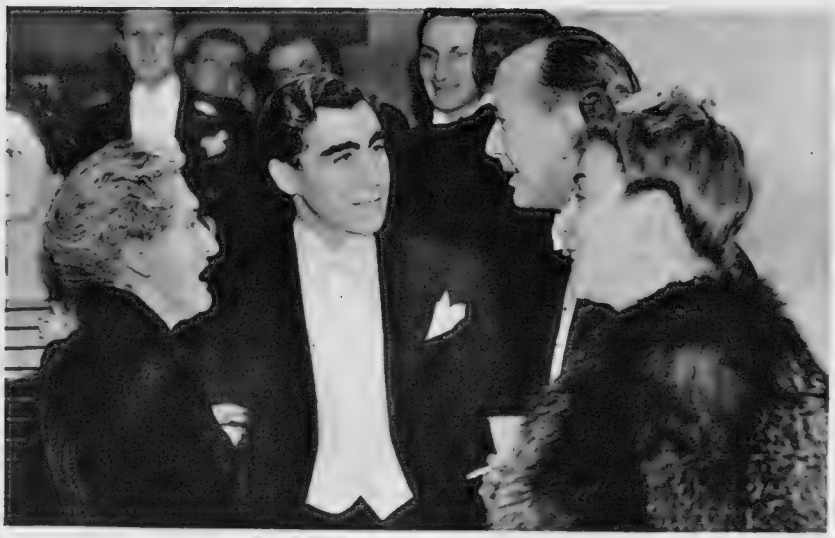
Night Life

Lady Rothschild, the Hon. Michael Berry

The big night-life event of last week was the opening of the Marquis de Casa Maury's new cinema in Lower Regent Street, the Paris. Lady Rothschild and Michael Berry were in the audience, which saw the premiere of "La Bête Humaine" (pictures of the film in last week's issue)

The Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe

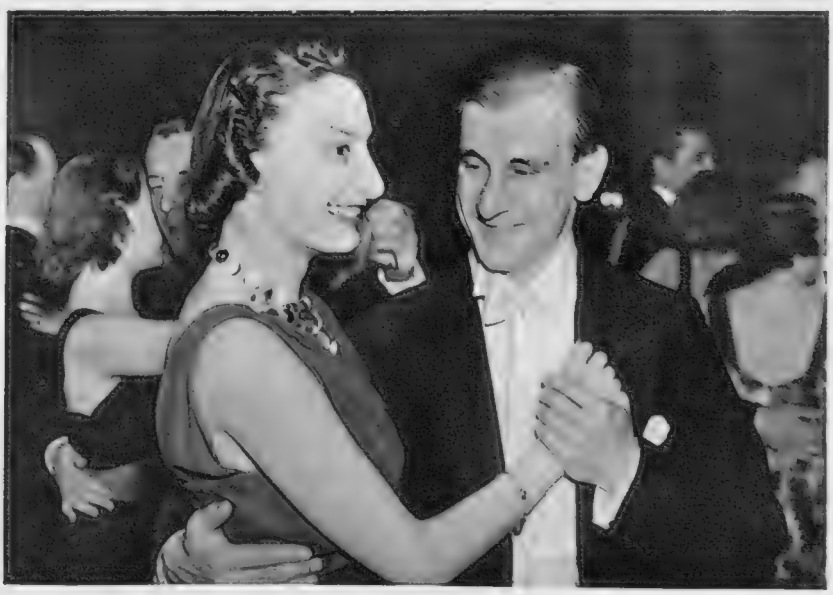
The Langton Iliffes were celebrating their return to England after a long American honeymoon. They were married last December. Mrs. Iliffe was Renée Merandon du Plessis, and is a niece of Lady Kemsley. Mr. Iliffe is Lord Iliffe's heir



Lady Oxford, Prince Hohenlohe, Mr. Coward, Princess Hohenlohe

Eager talkers in the Paris Cinema foyer were the quartet above—Lady Oxford, Princess Hohenlohe and her son, and Noel Coward, recently back from America. The Berry family went in force that evening: Lady Camrose took a party which included two of her daughters and a son-in-law (below) and a son (left). "La Bête Humaine" was shown in aid of the Feathers' Club, the Marquise de Casa Maury's particular charity

Lady Birkenhead, the Hon. Mrs. Chetwode, Lord Birkenhead



Princess Natasha Bagration and Prince Alexander Obolensky

A Russian couple dancing together at a crowded restaurant re-opening in London last week were Princess Natasha Bagration and the famous rugger player, Prince Alexander Obolensky

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes at Hesketh (17th Year)

The First Two Days : By Eleanor E. Helme

WHAT a pity it is there is no way of finding fresh epithets for Northern hospitality and kindness! Here am I, after seventeen years of BYSTANDER Foursomes, still left speechless by what Hesketh is doing for myself and Mrs. E. J. Smith, let alone the best part of two hundred competitors, in the way of welcome, with every smallest detail thought of, every wish anticipated, and everything possible done to the course.

Really, in despair, I feel tempted to give up the unequal struggle, and instead of attempting to thank Hesketh, say something about the beauties of Bramshot, where Great Britain is to play France on June 2nd—a perfect course, if ever there was one, for testing first-class ladies; or about how Miss Jessie Anderson won the East of Scotland Championship at Murrayfield, with Jean Donald, who reached the semi-final in last year's Girls' Championship and will have to be watched in it again this, as runner-up. We are used to knowing that Miss Anderson played grand golf, but it is extremely good news that there is a new light coming along, which Miss Donald certainly is.

HOWEVER, these stirring events, and all the county championships of the south-eastern division, must be passed over for the moment. Nor will we dwell upon the practice day at Hesketh, when the cold wind blew in from the sea at very near gale force, and it was almost a question whether the high tide would penetrate the coastal defences, as it did a few months ago, and once more flood the new holes. But the bank held, and by some meteorological miracle we woke up on the first day of the Foursomes to comparative calm, a blue sea, and the loveliest sunshine imaginable. It was still gloriously bracing out by those sea holes, but on the sheltered sandhills you could bask and believe it summer. There is a wonderfully cheerful spirit pervading Hesketh; whether it emanates from the club officials and their excellent staff, from the sunshine, or from gratitude to Roosevelt and a determination to enjoy the present, who can say?

Moreover, it always adds to the fun if a sufficiency of long handicaps put out those who give them strokes, and that has happened quite frequently in these first three rounds, which are all that can be described before press day. Only five out of the eight seeded couples survive at this point: at this rate, instead of the long handicaps protesting, as once they did, that seeding favours the low unduly, we shall have to start protective measures for the tigers. Of course, the real, roaring tigers are mostly busy elsewhere this week; even the back-markers were no lower than a joint five, these being Mrs. W. H. Wood and ex-Girl champion Miss Peggy Edwards. Little is known of them; a bye, a walk-over, and a 7-and-5 win, in which they gave nine strokes, does not give much scope to say anything except that they played well down to their handicaps.

***Mrs. Law** and **Miss J. Christian-Jones** sat and talked to another Bromborough pair, **Miss J. D. McKay** and **Miss A. Christian-Jones**, between rounds. The first couple beat the Misses Akam on the opening day, but were knocked out on the Wednesday. The second couple, with a bye into round two, lost their match to Mrs. D. Hayes and Miss P. Burton, of Pannal*

***Miss P. Mercer** and **Miss E. Parkinson** were a Pleasington pair who had nothing to do the first day but sit in the sun and watch. In the second round they gave three strokes to Mrs. McClelland and Mrs. Milne, but failed to beat them*

***Mrs. Brooks** (Morecambe) and **Miss Winifred Brown** (N. Manchester), the well-known airwoman, were beaten in the second round by the holders, Mrs. H. Somerville and Miss D. F. Green, of Sand Moor*

***Mrs. Crewe Roden** (Formby), the Lancashire champion, playing with Mrs. D. A. C. Dickson (Formby), was beaten in the second round by Miss K. Heaton and Miss A. Mellor*

***Miss Joan Pemberton** (Wilmslow), runner-up in the 1938 Girls' Championship, playing with Mrs. Sutherland, won in the first round, but lost to Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. V. P. Cowden (Formby) in the second*

***Mrs. E. B. Walker** (Hesketh) and **Mrs. A. Dean** (W. Lancs.) lost their third-round match to Mrs. K. M. Crawford and her daughter Elsie. Mrs. Walker is the mother of C. B. Walker, the Oxford golfer*

***Miss Pam Shand** (Derbyshire) and **Miss Joan Hives** (Chevin), the Derbyshire champion, were beaten in the first round against Mrs. R. Southworth and Miss Thom. They were semi-finalists last year*

Miss E. Temple Dobell and Miss E. McAlister, both of Bromborough, had a bye into the second round when they lost to Mrs. Soppitt (Hesketh) and Miss Camenett (Bradford)

Mrs. Rimmer and Miss Hickson (Hesketh) played the first match of the day on Wednesday morning, but didn't survive to start the fourth-round battle on Thursday

Mrs. R. Southworth and Miss A. D. Thom (Wilpshire) beat Pam Shand and Joan Hives in the first round, but lost their third-round match by 6 and 5 to Mrs. W. B. Stoddart and Miss A. M. Ritchie (Formby)

HOWEVER, let generalities cease, and let us get on with particulars of the first round. The opening match saw Miss Joan Pemberton, runner-up in last year's Girls' Championship, and Mrs. Sutherland, of Ilkley, playing very nice golf to give six strokes to Mrs. Bishop, of Formby, and Miss Beazley, of Bromborough.

Behind them came one of the surprises, Miss Joan Hives and Miss Pam Shand not producing anything like the form that took them to the semi-final last year, but exploring the rough, and doing nothing really up to standard. Of course, the old adage is for ever being freshly proved : one does only play as well as the opponents let one, and Mrs. Southworth and Miss A. D. Thom, from the Wilpshire Club at Blackburn, took not only three strokes but all their chances, knocking the givers of those strokes sufficiently off their balance to win at the seventeenth, where Miss Thom played a perfect little pitch.

Another pair from Derbyshire, Mrs. Rowbotham and Mrs. R. A. C. Johnson, followed Miss Hives' side into defeat, beaten on the last green by the splendid persistency of Mrs. Thompson and that golfer of long standing, Miss N. Evans, of Formby, who came through again the next morning with a flourish.

Mrs. Lloyd Jones and Mrs. Robertshaw are two Northern Foursomes regulars, and they won ; so did Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield, who have partnered each other in them for the last seven years. Mrs. Bason, having played in all the preceding ten with a variety of helpmates, is a positive institution, without whom the event would be hopelessly incomplete. She and Mrs. Whitfield are still going strong at the moment of writing, but Mrs. Lloyd Jones's side has fallen by the way to Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Morland.

NEXT morning the fun, in the shape of surprises, began in real earnest. So did lengthy matches. Miss Kippax and Mrs. Murray, for example, after losing the first three holes, won at the twenty-first, from Miss Stott and Mrs. Greenhalgh ; Miss E. Jones and Miss E. Shutt, of Pleasington, went to the nineteenth for their win from Mrs. Burns and Miss Oldham ; Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Vernon Pope to the twentieth for theirs from Miss Monks and Mrs. Whalley, and Miss Bridgford and Mrs. Edwards (in spite of holing two chips) to the nineteenth before beating Miss Tilston and Miss Roberts.

After lunch—ah, those delicious potted shrimps !—Miss Jones and Miss Shutt, having acquired the habit in the morning, again went beyond the eighteenth, this time to the twentieth, where they beat Mrs. Batty and Mrs. Kelly.

From long-drawn agony to surprises. Perhaps the greatest was the dismissal of Mrs. W. P. Scott and Mrs. Barbour, whom not a few had fancied to win the whole thing. Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Walker—mother of the Oxford Blue who distinguished himself for Rossall in the Halford Hewitt mass meeting—received four strokes from them, and after being in arrears at the start, paid back in similar coin some of the good putting against them, and won on the last green.

Then Mrs. Shackleton and Mrs. Hunter, receiving four, were too steady for Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Medrington, another highly-fancied pair, beating them 3 and 2. The winners went out themselves after lunch to Mrs. C. F. Bull and Mrs. Wilson.

Mrs. Crewe Roden has not won the Lancashire championship as often as Mrs. Newton, but she does hold it at the moment, and the resultant prestige might very well have been too much for Miss Heaton, new to competition golf, had she realised the fact. But she did not. Her partner, Miss Mellor, with rare wisdom, did not enlighten her, and so Miss Heaton and Miss Mellor, receiving one stroke from Mrs. Roden and Mrs. Dickson, got home by 5 and 4.

THE holders, Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green, from Sand Moor, took four strokes and a last-green win from Mrs. Brooks and Miss Winifred Brown, of King's Cup air race fame ; won again in the afternoon from Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Hallsall, and now meet Mrs. and Elsie Crawford, the latter still a Girls' Championship competitor, who is showing good promise since the family have moved from Auchterarder to Birkdale. I should not like to lay anything on the result of that match.

In fact, I really do defy anyone to pick the winning pair from the sixteen who still adorn the result sheet. They are Mrs. Hayes and Miss Burton (10) v. Mrs. Wood and Miss Peggy Edwards (5) ; Miss Jones and Miss Shutt (20) v. Miss Ollier and Mrs. Freeman (9) ; Mrs. Soppitt and Miss Camenett (10) v. Mrs. Stoddart and Miss Ritchie (24) ; Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Morland (25) v. Mrs. Whitfield and Mrs. Bason (8) ; Miss Heaton and Miss Mellor (13) v. Mrs. Bull and Mrs. Wilson (18) ; Mrs. and Miss Crawford (30) v. Mrs. Somerville and Miss Green (25) ; Mrs. Drake and Miss Mathers (9) v. Miss Bridgford and Mrs. Edwards (15) ; Miss Goldsworth and Miss Taylor (9) v. Mrs. Broadbent and Mrs. Hardicker (16).

Mrs. J. Allsopp (Sunningdale) and Miss P. Stobart (Ormskirk) won their first match but were beaten in the second round by Mrs. Southworth and Miss Thom

Two sisters who came over from Shipley to play together were Miss M. Akam and Miss B. Akam. They lost their first-round match to one of the couples from Bromborough, Mrs. Law and Miss J. Christian-Jones

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Halford Hewitt Cup

THE sixteenth meeting of the Halford Hewitt Cup tournament (the fifteenth meeting held at Deal) resulted in the Old Carthusians recording their seventh victory, and their fifth victory in the last six years. They won for the first time in 1930, after losing in the final of 1929 to the Old Harrovians, and in the final of 1928 to the Old Etonians. Their victims in the final this year, the Old Harrovians, have also met with considerable success at Deal. They were victorious in 1927, 1929, and 1931, and reached the final in 1925, when the start of the final was delayed owing to snow, in 1933, in 1938 and in 1939.

Charterhouse, like nearly all winners, had two very narrow escapes this year: one against Taunton in the second round, and the other against Rugby in the fourth round; and the final was touch and go for a long time, but the Old Carthusians' third pair finally got home against Alex Walker, the Harrovians' captain, and A. S. Gilbey, who played so well for Oxford after his late inclusion in the side, on the seventeenth green.

F. G. C. Weare, who seldom loses a match for Charterhouse at Deal, and who did not lose one this year, and J. H. Thompson, his partner, were concerned in both crises. Against Taunton they were three down in the middle of the round, but were allowed by kind opponents to win two holes coming home in six strokes, and winning other holes by good play, actually won the match on the seventeenth green by the reasonably comfortable margin of 3 and 1. Against Rugby, it was a very different story; they were two up on the sixteenth tee, when, apparently remembering how Halford Hewitt revels in a really close finish, they failed to get a five at either the sixteenth or seventeenth hole, and only saved the last hole and their bacon by Thompson holing a putt of about two yards. The nineteenth hole was played perfectly, the twentieth hole indifferently, and the twenty-first hole really badly. At the last-named hole, Weare, after digging his ball out of long, tough grass, holed from well over two yards to give his side victory.

The Harrovians, who have had many fights with the Old Carthusians at Deal, were not such an experienced side as their opponents, who relied on well-tried old warriors, and experience tells more in a foursome on a seaside course than anywhere else. Harrow have brought into their team some very promising young golfers, but were handicapped by the mysterious disappearance of one of them in the middle of the night, and also by the absence of Raymond Oppenheimer.

Charterhouse were without J. O. H. Greenly, the winner of the President's Putter, and lost the services of John Beck, owing to an accident at cricket, an accident which would not have happened if he had been wearing batting-gloves.

The final started with the Harrow leaders, Crawley and R. J. Allen, winning the first hole in three. Heartened by this success, they ran right away from their opponents, who made a minor or major slip at nearly every hole.

Harrow's second pair, G. L. Q. Henriques and C. D. Gray, also always had the measure of their opposite numbers, T. A. Bourn, the Charterhouse captain, and P. H. F. White. The Carthusian pair had to fight very hard to take the match as far as the seventeenth green.

THE third match, in which C. Middleton and A. G. Snelling, who has assisted Porter's Park to win the *Star* foursome tournament on more than one occasion, played Walker and Gilbey, proved to be the closest match of the final, and also the most exciting, as it was clear a long time before the end that the result of this match would decide whether or not the cup would return to the library at Charterhouse. Middleton and his partner were one up and six plus x holes to play. The former increased the lead of his side by playing a lovely long iron shot to the new fourteenth green. When Harrow won the sixteenth hole to be only one down, it was clear that anything might happen. What did happen was that Walker over-hit his side's second shot and found a horrid spot, while Middleton played a very good pitch to give his side the hole and his team victory.

Thompson and Weare had no intention of being concerned in any more crises, and won the only comfortable Carthusian victory by 3 and 2. The last Charterhouse pair, who won all their matches throughout the tournament, stood only one up after Guy Bennett had holed a putt for a two at the eighth, and it looked probable that this match was going to be another real dog-fight. Charterhouse, however, playing very well and with the necessary amount of good fortune, had three of the first five holes after the turn in three strokes each, and ever so nearly another three at the twelfth, and these holes gave them a lead which was sufficient to give them victory on the sixteenth green, a green which their last pair had only used on one occasion previously.

Harrow had the harder row to hoe to reach the final, and made less heavy weather of their tasks than the winners. The Harrow team beat in turn Westminster, Marlborough (the holders), Rossall, St. Bees and Winchester. The members of the Winchester team of this year appeared to me to play foursomes golf much better, and to talk much less during and after play than very many of their predecessors.

I will deal with the many gallant performances of the smaller and less fortunate schools next week.

Semi-Finalists in the Halford Hewitt Cup Meeting at Deal

J. C. Lawrie and G. H. Micklem played top pair for Winchester, beat Crawley and Allen of Harrow in the Deal semi-finals; but their side lost the match by three games to two

R. J. Thompson and I. S. Thomas were Old Lerpoolians' top pair; Liverpool College were put out in the semi-final by the unbeatable Old Carthusians by three games to one with one halved

The Winners and Runners-Up: Old Carthusians and Old Harrovians

Old Boys of Charterhouse and Harrow who met in the final at the Royal Cinque Ports Club at Deal, are here grouped round Halford Hewitt and his cup: (Carthusians) L. B. Sanderson, E. M. Prain, T. A. Bourn, P. H. F. White, C. Middleton, A. G. Snelling, F. G. C. Weare, J. H. Thompson, J. S. F. Morrison (with umbrella), Henry Longhurst; (Harrovians) L. G. Crawley (on ground with Ben Travers, Carthusian "trainer"), R. J. Allen, G. L. G. Henriques, C. D. Gray, A. Walker, A. S. Gilbey, R. W. Bond, D. F. Ashton, G. G. M. Bennett, R. W. G. Zair. The final result was a 3—2 win for Charterhouse

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

EXERCISE is the basis of a greyhound's training. But to the champions shown here at the G.R.A. kennels in the midst of rich, green parkland at The Hook, Northaw, Herts., exercise is real fun and pleasure. Long carefree hours of happy companionship in the summer sunshine give the champion greyhound his sleek coat, his grace in action, his stamina and his bursts of speed.

Mai Nilsson — Winner

Laila Nilsen — Second

Adele Walker — Fourth

Ski Racing in Norway

The International Meeting on the Galdöpiggen

Winner of the women's combined events was ***Mai Nilsson,*** *the seventeen - year - old downhill champion of Sweden. Second was Norway's leading woman athlete,* ***Laila Nilsen,*** *who is downhill, slalom, speed-skating and tennis champion of her country. She is coming to Wimbledon this year for the first time.* ***"Bunty" Walker,*** *most successful British competitor, was fourth, Philippa Harrison and Bridget Armitage were fifth and eighth*

James Couttet — Winner

James Couttet, *the brilliant eighteen-year-old ski-er from Chamonix, won the downhill race, and was second in the slalom, winning the combined events from* ***Hans Hansson,*** *the Swedish winner of the slalom. Couttet's time was 3 minutes 8 seconds for the downhill course of 3·6 kilometres (drop 985 metres), in the worst possible weather. Hansson, Sweden's downhill champion, who farms near Stockholm in the summer, was 2 secs. slower. The British team did poorly, but had bad luck with accidents*

Hans Hansson — Second

Photographs by Baron

The French Team — Beauties of the Meeting

The French women's team were Christiane de la Fressange, Nicole Villan, and Jacqueline Adam, all 1938 Olympic ski-ers. Mlle. Villan came in third in the combined events, Mlle. de la Fressange was sixth (she was third in the Kandahar at Mürren last month), and Mlle. Adam was ninth

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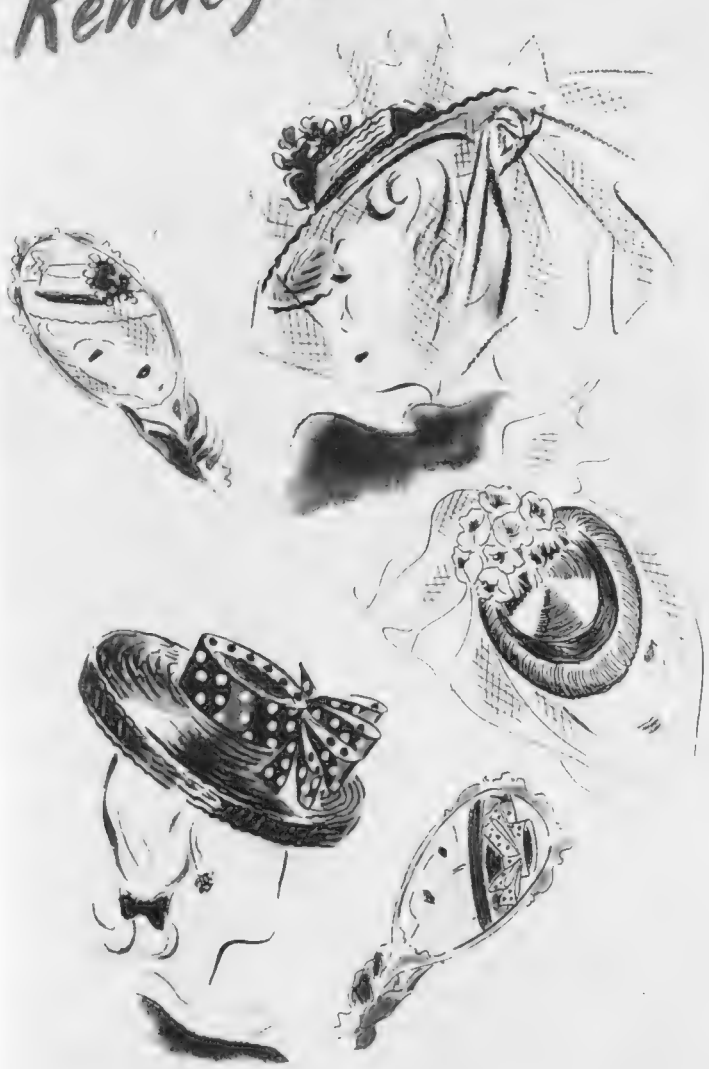

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Old Boys at Deal

Some More Halford Hewitt Pictures

Felstedians: *J. K. Mathew and P. E. Helmore beat Frank Pennink and N. A. Keith (Tonbridge) in their first-round game, but their side lost the match 3 to 2*

The Halford Hewitt Cup, won back by Charterhouse (see page 148) from Marlborough, was presented to the Old Carthusian captain, Dale Bourn, by Lady Birdwood, after the tournament at the Royal Cinque Ports Club, Deal. On the left is Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, on the right Mr. Halford Hewitt

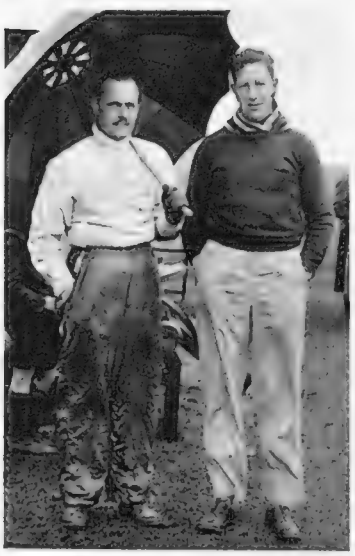
The Halford Hewitt Cup Goes to Charterhouse: the Presentation at Deal

Eastbournians: *R. A. Howell and R. E. Frearson were two of the 500-odd public-school golfers at Deal; their side reached the second round to lose to Tonbridgians*

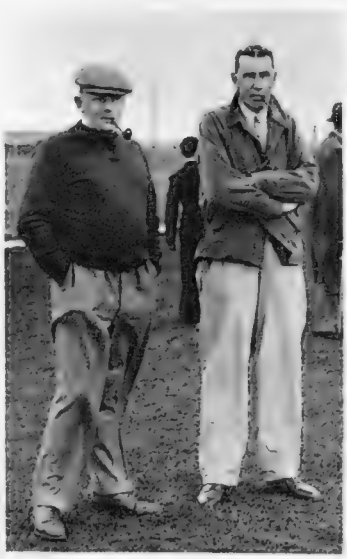
Westminsters: *A. C. Grover and E. W. St. G. Spencer lost their first and only game to Bond and Ashton of the successful Harrow team by 2 and 1*

Beaumont, Cheltenham, *were the schools represented at Deal by C. Liddell and Capt. F. F. Laugher; they were first-round opponents and Cheltonians won by 4 to 1*

Greshamians: *D. A. Bullock and Francis Ricardo played top pair for their side, who lost in the first round to Eastbournians by 3 to 2*



Bedford, Watson's, *were the schools represented at Deal by R. Pumfrey and J. Inches, who met in the top foursome between their schools. Bedfordians won, 3 to 2*



Blundellians: *E. M. Trounson and D. Newton King played for Blundells; they beat Bradfieldians in the first round, reached the fourth to lose to Lerpoolians*

Harrovians: *A. S. Gilbey and A. Walker were two of the runner-up team at Deal, lost their foursome in the final by 2 and 1*

Malvern, Rugby, *were the schools of E. H. Moss and Anthony Duncan, the Army Champion. Rugby reached the fourth round, to lose to the victorious Carthusians*

Gardener's Chronicle

Easter Reflection

By R. C. Jenkinson

Ideal gardens are part of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Earls Court (open until the end of next week). In Carter's "Old Mill" garden, flowering shrubs, tulips and narcissus are massed in full flower

ALTHOUGH the forecast was anything but promising, the long Easter week-end was perfect for holiday-maker and gardener alike: each year they become more nearly synonymous. After such weather, one is so engaged in looking at this or that, as it comes into flower, or noting with joy and relief the appearance of life in newly-planted or doubtfully-hardy plants, that current work is apt to take a back place. There are, however, two important duties: pruning and sowing.

Pruning: Roses—

AS for roses, there are two schools of thought, early or late. Personally, on whatever soil I am living, I prefer to prune late, in early April, even though I risk waiting longer for flower than my early-pruning neighbour. Nothing is more irritating than to see the young shoots of early-pruned plants cut by frost.

In a rose-garden of formal beds, I suppose that one must follow the accepted custom of stopping the plants almost to ground-level, but I confess to a dislike of "rose-gardens"—at any rate near a house—because far too many months of the year they are an expanse of bare soil, and in their season become merely a patchwork of pre-selected colours.

I like to grow roses in borders, choosing those varieties which are suited by the local soil and climate, and pruning as little as possible; that is to say, cutting out only in-growing or dead and weak wood, allowing the plants to make as big bushes as possible. No rose to me is worthy of the name if it has no scent; and I like the flowers to be borne on stout bushes, nose-high, so that I need not break my back to smell them. I speak not, of course, of roses for the show-bench, of whose cultivation I know or care nothing.

—And Flowering Shrubs

I THINK one may with advantage go round all shrubs just now with a pair of sécateurs—preferably Rolcut. Unless you have seen it, you would hardly believe the difference in a bush of, say, deutzia or philadelphus, which has been tidied up, and its less-favoured neighbour. "Tidying-up" means removing old, worn-out wood and weak, in-growing shoots, and shortening back the ends of the branches that may have been frosted, to the firm, good bud. Not only is the shape of the bush improved, but the flowering is so much better.

Lilacs should be attended to twice yearly: in early March plants which have grown too big or too congested should have half the big wood, say of one or two inches diameter, cut back to two or three feet from the ground: these, with the running spring sap, will throw at once a cluster of shoots, half of which can be retained to flower the following year. The big wood that remains will flower this year, and then be cut back next March, so that an entire season's flower is not wasted. The second attention must come just after flowering, when all flower-heads should be removed at once, to let all the strength of the plant go to forming buds for next season. At the same time, cut out weak, in-growing branchlets, the object being to allow as much light and air as possible to ripen the wood which has to produce good sprays of flower.

A Warning

THE wild-rose species, such as Moyesii, Farreri, and altaica, must on no account be treated like their cousins, the garden hybrids. I have often had complaints from friends that their wildlings "never flower." The answer is invariably that he who knows no better has calmly pruned away all the flowering wood. For these plants make growths one summer on which they produce their flowers the next. Whether dwarf or tall, they are mostly rough, tempestuous growers, needing space to show to the best advantage, and not to be associated with their smug, hearth-borne descendants. They require a minimum of pruning—only the removal of dead or worn-out wood.

But for information on the pruning of trees and shrubs in detail, an all-important duty in any garden, I would refer the reader to one of the excellent books which deal with the subject at large.

Blanche Henrey

***Rosa setipoda,** with purplish-rose flowers and inch-long, bottle-shaped red hips, is one of the wild roses of China which does not need pruning*

Sowing

I CANNOT here discuss raising annuals or other plants in greenhouse or frame. I am concerned only with the seeds of those flowers which may be sown out of doors in the positions where they are to flower. There are many patches of ground, particularly in newly-planted beds, which want filling up with summer flowers. The ground wants forking over, and then raking, to give a fine surface tilth, and the seeds may be sown thinly towards the end of April.

Do not imagine that, in order to get lots of flower you need lots of plants. The seedlings must be thinned according to the ultimate growth of the plant, for it is not from a close-growing mass, but from well-grown specimens, that the best and greatest numbers of flowers will come. For example, while mignonette only needs to have nine inches between plants, calendula requires two feet, and mallows even more.

Nearly all annuals are sun-lovers; in shade they grow lanky and give but little flower. One invaluable use of annuals is to cleanse ground which has been derelict and weedy, for the luxuriant growth of leaf discourages the germination of weed seeds. Annual lupins are, perhaps, best of all, for in the autumn they can be dug into the ground and make a grand soil-dressing. But any strong-growing annual serves the purpose, and by choosing suitable combinations of colours, you can get a very pretty, gay splash of colour.

I adore scented flowers, and like to "dot" little groups, especially round my house, of night-scented stock, mignonette, tobacco-plants, heliotrope, and peppermint geranium—the last three, of course, as plants. Anyone who has not yet got sweet peas must hurry: he can buy plants from any specialist in that family. I am trying mine in a new way this year, grown over a sort of "shepherd's-shelter" of coarse sheep-wire, to hide some rubbish. But then, I hate the "one-plant-one-shoot" stem, which only gives a few monstrous flowers of supreme coarseness. I like the old, sweet-scented sorts, and a profusion of flower.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

JUST lately I have carried out a number of test runs on small cars. Quite the most congenial of all those I have driven is the Sunbeam Talbot "Ten."

This car indeed provides multum-in-parvo driving. With big-car comfort one yet enjoys all the economy of light-car motoring. The suspension at all speeds is just right; there is ample room in both the front and the rear seats for four hefty occupants, and there is also very adequate luggage-room in the rear boot. A quite surprisingly high average can be maintained, this excellent little car seeming to revel in long spells at 65 m.p.h. and over; while it has a really nippy turn of acceleration, and its road-holding is such that corners may be taken fast—although in order to do this it is essential to keep the tyres well inflated. The four-cylinder engine of 1185 c.c. is rated at 9·8 h.p. with an annual tax of £7 10s.

The Sunbeam Talbot "Ten"

Mr. Hess deals with it here

There is a refinement about the little Sunbeam Talbot of a quality not always found in small cars. Its trim and finish are first-class and its responsiveness is more than suggestive of "background" and "ancestry." The synchromesh gear-box is a delight and the steering—unusually direct for a car of this type—is confidence-inspiring. The duo-Servo brakes are certain and smooth.

One excellent feature for those who take their cars on the Continent is the dual calibration of the speedometer, both in miles and kilometres. Three body-styles are listed on the 10 h.p. Sunbeam Talbot chassis, these being the sports tourer at £250, the sports saloon at £265, and the drophead foursome coupé at £285.

THE first published list of entries for the International Trophy includes twenty-seven of the best racing cars in this country. They are to be driven by the most famous of British racing drivers.

Of outstanding interest is the entry of two new E.R.A. cars by Humphrey Cook. The drivers will be A. C. Dobson and Raymond Mays. A third official E.R.A. entry will be driven by A. P. R. Rolt—looked upon as a rising star. Prince Chula of Siam has given up the idea of competing at Tripoli, and "Bira" will drive his entry (Maserati or E.R.A.) in the International Trophy. Other well-known drivers include Lord Howe, Percy Maclure, the Hon. Peter Aitken and J. P. Wakefield.

Features of the race are the "Indianapolis" massed rolling start, and the special combined track and road course incorporating the "channel" method of handicapping, whereby the leader on each lap is actually the leader in the race—a novel boon to spectators.

The race starts at 3 p.m. on Saturday, May 6th, at Brooklands.

ALMOST everyone is at times tempted to cut motoring expenses in regard to tyres, plugs or oil, but often it transpires that the low-priced article costs more in the long run. Cheap tyres may wear out quickly and be responsible for accidents, whilst cheap oil may ruin an engine.

Cheap sparking-plugs are not necessarily dangerous, but they may well prove expensive

(*Concluded on page* iv)

Hampton's original schemes for distinctive Bedrooms

AN original Bedroom in the Modern Style for a Town house designed by Hampton's Studios.

All the furniture is in Bleached Burr Walnut with matt Silver handles, whilst the walls are scumbled a pastel Peach colour, and a deeper tone is used for the carpet. The decorative bedstead on the raised dais has a back panel of pleated White silk with side draperies and shaped-top Peach mirrors with brilliant-cut decorations. The Coverlet, the Bed Draperies and the Window Curtains are all of White quilted silk.

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C.V.S—153

The illustration shows a Wolseley "Super Six".

Prices—
21 h.p. or 25 h.p. saloons . £395

Dunlops, Triplex and Jackalls, of course.

Wolseley over England

SUCCESS is no accident. It is the reward of those whose goal is a little ahead of others and whose ability to reach it a good deal greater. And this applies equally to a Wolseley owner, for his Wolseley is, in the eyes of the world, a tangible proof of his good taste and judgment. Have you considered buying a Wolseley car yourself? Would it not be an interesting experience to try one?

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

on petrol. After all, the main reason for fitting a new set of plugs is to improve engine performance, which automatically reduces petrol consumption. High-class plugs for most engines to-day cost 5s. each, so that even if plugs of half the price are purchased there is a saving of only 10s. with a four-cylinder or 15s. with a "six." This may seem a worthwhile economy until it is realised that it represents only a few gallons of petrol. If an engine is inefficient, as it may be when running on cheap plugs, the increase in petrol consumption will soon absorb those few gallons and the owner will find that the shillings he thought he had saved have literally gone up in smoke. With plugs, as with oil and tyres, it is better to be safe than sorry.

I MUST confess that I have long nursed the personal opinion that the car-caravan output of this country exceeds the potential demand. It has seemed to me that in a country like America, where one can drive on one road for a week without exhausting its possibilities, a trailer-caravan is indeed valuable, but not in a country like ours, when one can traverse the length of the country from Land's End to John-o'-Groats in two or three days and all the time be in touch with numerous hotels.

At the Earls Court Show there were trailer-caravans exhibited by a greater number of firms than those who exhibited tyres, and I just could not see how they could all make a living. Just recently I was in Bristol, and there I met an old friend of mine who surprised me more than somewhat by telling me that he has recently gone into the car-caravan business. So enthusiastic is he that he trotted me out to his little factory on a glorious Sunday morning to show me examples of his craft.

I must say I found them very fascinating. He calls his caravans the "Bristol," and he went to great trouble to demonstrate to me the quite unusual *quality* which is hand-built into each one. He is specialising in light-weight trailers for 12 h.p. and 14 h.p. cars, and they run to a length of 12 ft. by 6½ ft. four-berth "homes-from-home," with sufficient head-room for Carnera! The price complete is only £120, and I am inclined to believe that in the event of a war he would find them selling in vast numbers to those fortunates who could manage to evacuate the cities.

Another "line" of his which certainly is benefiting by the present tension is a very handy and inexpensive auxiliary ambulance which is being snapped up for A.R.P. work. This simple little trailer-ambulance is only 8 ft. long by 4 ft. 3 in. wide and high, and having a ground clearance of 16¼ in. it can be manœuvred in places which, in an emergency, might be inaccessible to cars. The weight—6 cwt.—is another advantage in this connection, for it enables the ambulance to be man-handled with ease.

I hope I shall not need an ambulance if war should come, but I must say I am much taken with the "Bristol" caravan.

Vintage Finish

W. H. Ellis acknowledges the flag as he wins the Vintage Sports Car Club members' handicap at the Crystal Palace. He drove a Lea-Francis

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* **and certify the scratch score of the course.** *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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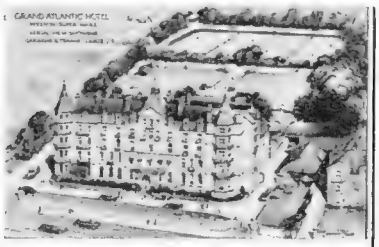

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Enjoy the breezes from the Atlantic, and the rich glories of Somerset's countryside.

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We have planned special comprehensive long or short week-ends at a moderate and inclusive charge.

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Including Golf and Luncheon at Clubhouse £2 1 6

MAY 4TH

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MORNINGS WHEN YOU WAKE UP TIRED

These days when you wake up tired, when you feel your sleep has done more harm than good, here 's a certain way to feel refreshed and alert in a few minutes.

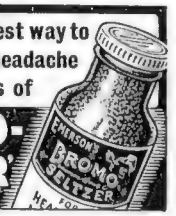
It 's all proof you 're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition." You 've worked too much or smoked too much or had something to upset your system, and it 's no good taking anything just to relieve your head, unless you remove the cause at the same time.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that 's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you 've got to counteract that acidity, and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it.

A sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember, 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It 's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, Heppell's, or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

The Quickest and Best way to cure any type of headache —a sparkling glass of



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"Anything to declare, Sir?"

"No."

"There's nothing you bought at all?"

"No."

"No presents?"

"No."

"Nothing at all?"

"Nothing. Unless . . ."

"Yes, Sir — Unless?"

"Unless you include a head like a rag football and a taste in my mouth like smoke in a railway tunnel. Our Paris representative entertained me rather lavishly last night."

"There is no duty, Sir, on hangovers obtained abroad."

"I wish there was. I'd refuse to pay and then you'd have to confiscate it."

"I'm sorry we can't help you, Sir. But might I suggest in future the advantages of a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice to wind up late nights? Rose's possesses therapeutic properties which neutralise the — er — morning after."

"This Rose's really kills off hangovers? Have they any in the Station buffet?"

"Plenty, Sir — Hi, Sir, come back — you've forgotten your bag."

ROSE'S — THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP

An Outstanding TWELVE

THAT SAVES IN FIRST COST ALONE ENOUGH TO PAY TAX AND PART INSURANCE

EXPERTS are agreed that the Vauxhall 12-four has the best all-round specification. Yet it costs from £16 to nearly £60 less than any other British "Twelve." So that even against the cheapest competitive model, you save enough, *on first cost alone*, to make a big hole in a full year's tax and insurance. In addition, a petrol consumption of 35 m.p.g. with normal driving means that you go on saving.

The Vauxhall 12-four has smart, modern lines; is roomy and comfortable. It is a top gear car, always having power in reserve, which means easier driving, safer driving, and less strain. It has the special Vauxhall system of independent suspension. If you are used to ordinary springing, please try a Vauxhall 12-four. Your Dealer will gladly arrange, without obligation, a trial run in a car fitted with a special test tank so that you can check petrol consumption at the same time.

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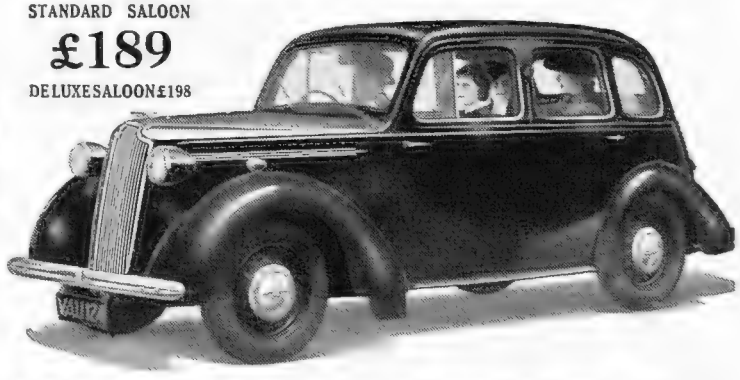

MECHANICAL FEATURES INCLUDE: All-steel chassis-less construction: trouble-free independent springing: controlled synchromesh hydraulic brakes: "controlled flame" combustion chambers: six-phase carburation: fully counter-weighted crankshaft: compensated voltage control.

EQUIPMENT INCLUDES: Twin mechanical windscreen wipers: rear side arm-rests: rear blind: body conformity front seats: luggage boot at rear: leather upholstery. On de Luxe Saloons (£198) no-draught ventilation, sliding roof, central disappearing arm-rest to rear seat, etc.

There are other Vauxhalls of 10 h.p., 14 h.p. and 25 h.p. at prices from £163 to £630. A postcard to Vauxhall Motors, Luton, Beds., will bring unusual and interesting literature.

The Twelfth Annual Flying Number

By Charles Ward

NEXT week, we publish our annual review of the year in the air for the twelfth time in succession. It is the occasion for special articles, illustrated by pictures of the latest aircraft and of personalities who fly. Aviation has become the affair of the man in the street. No one is ignorant of its power as an aid to civilisation, or, alternatively, as an agent through which to destroy all that man has built through the centuries. Britain's air power must regain the position it occupied twenty-one years ago, before flying can be regarded quite definitely as an agent for peace.

OUR leading article in the issue of May 3rd will be contributed by Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., who is Under-Secretary of State for Air. His knowledge of aviation dates back to 1916, when he served as a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. To-day, at an age when most of us who flew in the last war are content to go up as passengers, he retains his pilot's licence and tries out our latest single-seater fighters. The scheme for training a Civil Air Guard was largely due to his initiative and driving force. Air travel will be covered by John Brancker, manager of the Continental lines operated by Imperial Airways. He is the son of the late Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, who contributed to our first Flying Number in 1928, at the time when he was Director of Civil Aviation. John Brancker has spent 10 years with Imperials, and was manager in Kenya before returning home.

THE lighter side of flying, in the sporting sense, will be dealt with by F. D. Bradbrooke, assistant editor of our technical contemporary, *The Aeroplane*, and one of the most experienced private pilots in the country. He has flown more than 100 modern types, which is sufficient guarantee that his views will not be those of an armchair critic. Our editorial review of the year in the air will present those aspects of aviation that are of special interest to BYSTANDER readers all over the world.

AN announcement of the new Parnall trainer signifies the return to aircraft production of a firm which has concentrated on gun-turrets and other armament work for the past four years. Parnalls took over an old-established aircraft firm of the same name, and they also bought the rights of the Hendy Aircraft Company. The new monoplane follows the lines of the original Hendy "Heck," which will be remembered for its wide speed range and excellent control. The performance of the new trainer, with a 200-h.p. "Gipsy Six," will be in the region of 180 miles an hour, all out. At the other end of the scale is the featherweight "Luton Major," a new type with a 60-h.p. engine to cruise at 90 over a range of 300 miles. The "Moth Minor," descendant of a long line of famous light aircraft, is in quantity production, and will be seen flying at every civil training school in the country by the end of this year. Air lines operated by the Straight Corporation have been granted every licence for which application has been made. Between Weston-super-Mare and Cardiff, for which there is a licence for seven years, there will be a summer frequency of 58 services a day—departures every half hour in each direction.

Three flying-tanker experts photographed at Southampton. In the centre is Sir Alan Cobham, responsible for Air Ministry re-fuelling research; left and right are Flt.-Lieuts. Atkinson and Tyson, who are en route to Newfoundland as tanker pilots for the Atlantic mails

NORTHERN IRELAND IS GRAND FOR GOLF

Northern Ireland is famous for Golf as well as scenery. The leading Hotels are:—
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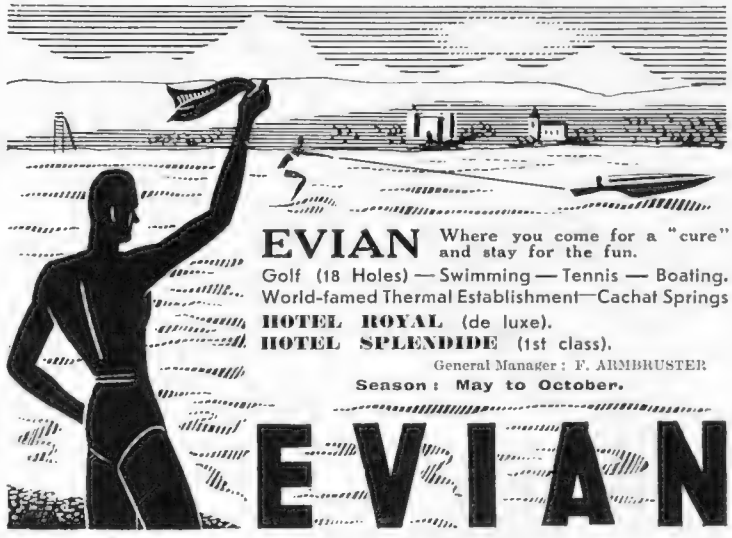

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FAMOUS SINCE 1885
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Player's
Though fashion may influence her choice in many matters, she smokes Player's because, like so many of her friends, she prefers these excellent cork-tipped cigarettes.
CORK TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD
N.C.C.457A

Getting Married *(Continued from page B)*

Petre — Willows

It was a Brompton Oratory wedding between Walter George Glynn Petre, eldest son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Walter Petre, of Pinecroft, Weybridge, Surrey, and Myra Millicent Willows, only daughter of the late Arthur Willows, of Rushton Manor, Kettering, and Mrs. Willows, of Middleton, Market Harborough

Stiles Allen — Stiles

Ronald Stiles Allen, second son of Mr. R. Stiles Allen, D.L., and Mrs. Stiles Allen, of 14, Cornwall Terrace, N.W.1, and Gwendoline Stiles, only daughter of Mrs. Stiles, of Myrtle Farm, Rowde, Wiltshire, were married at Marylebone Parish Church

Atthill — Thackeray

Robert Anthony Atthill and Elizabeth Thackeray were married at St. Luke's, Chelsea. He is the only son of the late R. T. Atthill, and Mrs. Atthill, of Ebbor, Wells; she is the younger daughter of the late Colonel C. B. Thackeray, D.S.O., and Mrs. Thackeray, of 6, Fernshaw Road, S.W.10

Serpell — Crichton

Christopher Harold Serpell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Serpell, of Hartley Cottage, Donhead St. Mary, near Shaftesbury, Dorset, and Jean Crawford Crichton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crichton, of 5, Elm Row, Hampstead, were married at Crown Court Church, Covent Garden

Griffiths — Leonard

Denis Charles Griffiths, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffiths, of 39, Lowndes Street, S.W., and Eirène (Babs) Leonard, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leonard, of 43, Montagu Square, W.1, and Brandeston Hall, Suffolk, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Lomax — Acworth

Peter Francis George Lomax and Mary Rosamond Acworth were married at St. James's, Spanish Place. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lomax, of 12, Drayton Court, S.W.; she is the elder daughter of Captain Bernard Acworth, R.N. (retd.) and Mrs. Acworth, of Littlewood, Hayling Island

Waddington — Montgomery

Nesbit Willoughby Waddington, of Turf Lodge, The Curragh, Co. Kildare, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waddington, of 156, Sloane Street, married Mary Patience Sidney Montgomery at St. Peter's, Drogheda. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Montgomery, of Beaulieu, Co. Louth

Bate — Bosanquet

John Gordon Bate and Rachel Denise Bosanquet were married at Dingestow Parish Church by his father, the Very Rev. H. N. Bate, Dean of York. She is the eldest daughter of His Honour S. R. C. Bosanquet, K.C., and Mrs. Bosanquet, of Dingestow Court, Monmouth, and 38, Kensington Park Road, W.

Serjeantson — Charteris

Richard Clyne Serjeantson is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace Serjeantson, of Longacre, Gullane, North Berwick; Jean Hamilton Charteris is the only daughter of Professor F. J. Charteris, St. Andrews University, and the late Mrs. Charteris: they were married at the University College Chapel, St. Andrews

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TWO-PIECE in woven reversible "Jerseyette" fabric, comprising Gown with long sleeves and sleeveless Coatee. The reversible design on Corsage and Coat gives contrast effect. Flowers of self material. Navy white, Black / white. Sizes 40 to 46. Price **7½ gns.**

Sizes 48 to 50, Price **21/-** extra.

TAILORED GOWN with SLEEVELESS COATEE in Art Crepe with printed spot. Hem and sleeves bound with ribbon to tone with spots. Black/white, Navy/white, Navy dull-pink, Navy mist-blue. Sizes 40 to 50. Price **5½ gns.**

Two-piece without binding (to order), **89/6**

TWO-PIECE in Woven reversible "Jerseyette" fabric comprising sleeveless Coatee with short-sleeved Gown—the reverse of material forming contrasting bands. White on navy or white on black. Sizes 40 to 44. Price **6½ gns.**

Sizes 46 to 50, **21/-** extra.
Coat with long sleeves, **21/-** extra.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Price — Cole-Hamilton

Lieut. Rodney Athelstan Price, R.N., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Athelstan Price, of Culverwood House, Hertford, and Elizabeth Cole-Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Cole-Hamilton, of Fourways House, Hoddesdon, Herts., were married at Hoddesdon Parish Church

Bruce — Bradley

Lieut. Erroll Bruce, R.N., and Silvia Daphne Bradley were married at Langton Herring Parish Church. He is the son of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Rosslyn Bruce, of Herstmonceux Rectory, Sussex. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Sylvester Bradley, of the Manor House, Langton Herring, Dorset

Butler Bowdon — Darlington

Lieut. Maurice Butler Bowdon, R.N., son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. E. Butler Bowdon, of Southgate House, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, and Dapsland, Mayfield, Sussex, and Anne Darlington, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. J. Darlington, of Oak Lodge, Southwick, Hants., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Stainton — Astbury

R. G. Stainton and Phyllis Astbury were married at St. Michael's, Chester Sq. He is joint headmaster of Glencorse School, Battle, an Oxford Cricket and Soccer Blue, and a Sussex county cricketer. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Astbury, of Broadclyst, Beckenham, Kent

Dalrymple-Smith — Hoare

Commander Hugh Dalrymple-Smith, R.N., H.M.S. Aurora, and Eleanor Mary Hoare were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hoare, of Taddyforde House, Exeter

Reeves — Barlow

Captain Noel Reeves, the Buffs, elder son of the late Major Reeves, and Mrs. Reeves, of Oaklands, Rye, Sussex, and Doris Cynthia Barlow, daughter of the late Keith Barlow, and Mrs. Barlow, of 3, Vicarage Gate, W., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Becher — Bell

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, James Stewart Becher, R.E., son of the late Major-Gen. A. C. Becher, C.B.E., and Mrs. Becher, of Northam, N. Devon, married Elisabeth Margaret Bell, daughter of Mr. R. S. Bell, Inspector-Gen. of Police, Kashmir State, and Mrs. Bell, of 33, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Hogan — Tomkinson

Sqdn.-Ldr. H. A. V. Hogan, R.A.F., son of Lieut.-Col. E. M. A. Hogan, and the late Mrs. Hogan, and Margaret Venetia Tomkinson, daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. W. Tomkinson, of Stert House, Devizes, Wilts., were married at St. Michael and All Angels, Erchfont

Skeen — Beasley

Captain Andrew Skeen, only son of the late General Sir Andrew Skeen and Lady Skeen, of Broadway, Worcs., married Honor St. Quintin Beasley at St. Mary's, Winchfield. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. St. Q. Beasley, of Dogmersfield, Hants.

(Concluded on page viii)

GOING AWAY

The "Bystander's" April Travel Guide

By Hugh C. Wallace

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

Montreux: *"a jewel in a truly marvellous setting, with its handsome villas and its gardens gay with flowers." This view shows the Territet end of the town*

In Search of Sunshine

Beside the Lakes

SWITZERLAND is a land of many climates, but nowhere within her borders is there any better in the early days of summer than that to be found on the "Riviera of Vaud," the part of the shore of the Lake of Geneva that embraces Lausanne, Vevey and Montreux.

First of all we come to Lausanne, which has always had a warm place in the affections of the English, and which is indeed beautiful for situation. It reclines on the hillside among the vineyards, with the lake at its feet, the dark woods for a background, and, in front of it, like a framed picture hanging on the horizon, are the Alps. It has in its suburb of Ouchy a perfectly-equipped Lido such as few inland places anywhere can boast, and in the shade of the tall trees high up above the town are excellent golf links. Little wonder many of our people have made Lausanne a place of residence.

Then there is Vevey, which, in addition to being a really beautiful resort, is also one of Switzerland's manufacturing places, being the headquarters of the famous Nestlé's milk and Peter's chocolate.

Next comes Montreux, and in this term is included Clarens and Territet. Montreux is not only a jewel of a place, but a jewel in a truly marvellous setting, and its handsome villas and its gardens gay with flowers give it an air of distinction and prosperity. So happily is it situated that in the early days of summer its gardens may be full of colour, whilst the heights above are still draped in snow. It is indeed a perfect place for the lover of warmth and gentle exercise.

On the slopes above, in the midst of fields and orchards, and reached in eight minutes by cable railway, is Glion, confronted all day by the blue waters of the crescent-shaped sea, and at night by the twinkling lights of Evian-les-Bains, the gay French watering-place; and of other resorts on the further shore. Glion, at 2270 feet, is high enough to make possible this view, while completely sheltered from the north winds; and by means of the little funicular at its door one can easily go to the district's finest viewpoint, the Rochers de Naye, or drop down to the lakeside and Chillon's much-photographed castle. Behind Glion is narcissus-land, best visited in June, when the whole countryside, seen from a distance, looks like a great snowfield.

Everyone will desire to make at least one journey the whole length of the lake, in order to visit the old city of Geneva, which should always be seen, for the first time—like Naples or Stamboul—from the water. Now the home of the League of Nations, it was once the seat of the sternest Puritanism. When John Calvin, whose chair is treasured in the cathedral, was its uncrowned king, even the use of tobacco and snuff was forbidden, this prohibition being based upon a fantastic interpretation of the seventh Commandment. It is at Geneva that the Rhône emerges, apparently none the worse for its forty-five-miles' immersion while travelling through the lake; and it is from the bridge spanning the river that there can be seen distinctly in the far distance the great, snow-covered hump of Mont Blanc.

FURTHER north is the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, presided over by Lucerne, with the mighty mass of Pilatus near by, and the exquisite panorama of mountain and lake in front. There is little need to write of its sights, such as its quaint bridges, its glacier mills, its famous stone lion, carved as a memorial to the officers and men of the Swiss Guard who fell in defence of the Tuileries in 1792, and all the rest; they will be found enumerated in the programmes issued by the tourist offices.

Much could be written of the little villages that add so much to the charm of the lake shores, but to describe them all, or any of them, in detail, is to attempt the impossible.

There are many worse ways of spending a day than by "doing" the lake by steamer. As the boat crosses and recrosses the lake, the scene is an ever-changing one, and the most thrilling surprises fall to the lot of the idle occupant of a seat on the sun-deck. There are chestnut-trees along the one shore, and there are flower-strewn meadows on the other. At one time, a quaint sailing-ship is being passed, and at another it is the "shadow" of men fishing or boys bathing that the amateur photographer wants to catch. The beetling crags, the brown chalets, with strange devices carved upon them, the almost stately hotels, all enter into the picture, and together make an unforgettable memory.

Glion: *"on the slopes above Montreux is Glion, confronted all day by the blue waters of the crescent-shaped sea (Lake of Geneva), at night by the twinkling lights of Evian-les-Bains"*

Lucerne: *this town "presides over" the Lake of the Four Cantons, or Vierwaldstättersee, and is in turn presided over by Mount Pilatus (in background). Adopted home of Rachmaninoff, Lucerne is a charming, dignified centre for numerous excursions; there is also a golf course*

Geneva: *this city "should always be seen for the first time—like Naples or Stamboul—from the water." Here two of the lake steamers lie at their moorings in the mouth of the lower Rhône*

The steamer brings one to Vitznau, screened by fruit trees and almost smothered in flowers. It is from here that the Rigi is climbed by rail, but this does not mean that it is overrun by trippers, for most make a bee-line from the pier to the station, and are soon distributed on the flanks of the mountain. By the way, one could have a very delightful week rambling on the Rigi.

On the opposite side of the lake, and only fifteen minutes from Lucerne, is the Burgenstock, throned on its wooded height and far removed from the noise of heavy traffic and the dust of busy roads. Here, surrounded by woods, adequate provision has been made for golfers.

Weggis is largely devoted to bathing, and has something like two hundred cabins on its beach. Everything about the little place is very trim and tidy, and all its paths are well kept. Weggis may be included among the inexpensive places.

Very easily reached by rail or steamer or motor-car is Brunnen, facing perhaps the grandest portion of the lake, and in the centre of the Tell country. It is really in a kind of key-position for excursions, and, naturally, every visitor will want to see the places which history or legend has underlined; like the Grütli, birthplace of Swiss independence, and Tell's Chapel. Starting at Brunnen is that extraordinarily fine road, the Axen-Strasse, which it would seem as if science and art had conspired to give us. Few roads have such a series of fascinating views. By taking the tiny train from Brunnen, one can get high above the village, first of all to Axenfels, with its golf links, and then, after turning a semi-circle, to the terminus at Axenstein. The whole journey has occupied fifteen minutes. While, of course, there is bathing in the lake at Brunnen, an attractive pool has been built at Axenstein, and here also there is golf, and it is not often that the sport can be indulged in in such idyllic surroundings, and with such an aeroplane view to lure one's thoughts from the game. Behind are the "high hills," chief of them in the immediate vicinity being the Frohnalpstock (6307 ft.) and the Great Mythen (6240 ft.).

Among the Mountains

The lakes are popular, but the mountains continue to hold their own, and mountain lovers who know not the Rhaetian Highlands have a great treat in store when they visit for the first time places like Klosters, Davos, Arosa, Lenzerheide, and Flims Waldhaus.

All these resorts are within a very little distance of the lovely old Grisons capital, Coire, a town calculated to kindle the enthusiasm of the photographer and the artist.

Klosters and Davos go shares in the territory made accessible to even most moderate walkers by the Parsenn Railway; and as a mountain rambler's paradise it would be difficult to name a serious rival to the Parsenn. As these two places possess some of Switzerland's best hotels, the wonder is that they are not thronged all the summer through.

Lenzerheide is in a fine bit of country, with tramps long and short, and the motorist will give it pride of place, for it is easy for him to explore from there, not only the immediate Highlands, but also those of the Engadine.

Arosa, reached by a railway from Coire that after wandering leisurely through the town streets begins to look up so intently that one wonders if its ambition is to attain the perpendicular, is a kindly place; even to the squirrels that haunt its woods.

As for Flims Waldhaus, it has charm and still more charm. Everything at Flims is inviting. Its bathing-place, the enchanting Caumasee, is buried in the woods; and its walks—and there are many of them—are characterised by a gentle and persuasive loveliness. He must be hard of heart who does not fall a willing victim to the spell of Flims Waldhaus.

On the Sea

Many people have come to realise that sailing toward the South in the early months of summer is a very delightful pastime, and experience has taught them to pay little heed to the folks who talk about its being too hot. It *is* warm, but that is more often than not a very welcome change! And the cool caressing breezes make what might be a sultry day into a thing of joy. The shipping companies are no longer tyrannised by the fetish of season. They recognise that it is more important to have the opportunity of seeing a famous place than not to see it because it cannot be visited at what has been regarded as conventionally the "proper season."

Those who have studied cruise programmes will see that some very enticing rounds are planned for May and June. These include, with Madeira and Tangier, visits to ports like Casablanca and Safi, such calls enabling one with great ease to see something of Fedhala and Rabat and Marrakesh. To *stay* for any length of time in some of these places in summer might be trying, but to run out to them from the ship is quite another matter. And nowhere can there be found better motor roads than those constructed by the French in the opening up of North Africa.

Casablanca is an amazing city, having grown out of the sands inside twenty years. It is at the pier here, which stretches out to sea for nearly two miles, that the cruise steamer will land her passengers.

Fedhala, with its golf course, the only one in Morocco, and its four or five miles of bathing beach composed of clean and glistening sand, is only sixteen miles from Casablanca and, quite apart from the fact that it is on the road to Rabat, is abundantly worth visiting for its own sake. It is the kind of place that provokes the resolve: "Here I am coming to *stay* some day." It is all right for both summer and winter residence and, in addition to the golf and bathing, there is tennis, yachting, fishing, and, in the forest near by, the wild boar can be hunted. It is also an ideal motoring centre.

Further along the coast is Rabat, the seat of the Government, and renowned for two things—for the storks that abound, and with which no one would think of interfering, and for the Hassan Tower, a thing of infinite grace, and the twin of the Giralda at Seville. Close by are the cork forests, not to speak of the "Bled," gay at times with a carpet of flowers, and in places dotted with the black tents of the nomads.

From the port of Safi it is but a run of 150 kilometres to the red and somewhat savage city of Marrakesh.

Marrakesh is African right down to the bone, and is absorbing. All roads lead to the great Square, which is a source of perpetual entertainment, and where it will be found that the Moroccan takes his amusement "neat." There are men dancing with their bare feet upon broken glass, and by way of a change swallowing fragments of it. One man is drinking boiling water, whilst his neighbour is converting himself into an animated pin-cushion. Alongside, the snake-charmer is showing what liberties he can take with an irritated cobra, or what would appear to be a mesmerised scorpion. Business is being carried on also. The barber is shaving the head of his customer; the dentist, with a pile of teeth alongside, as evidence of his prowess, is removing the

(Concluded on page F)

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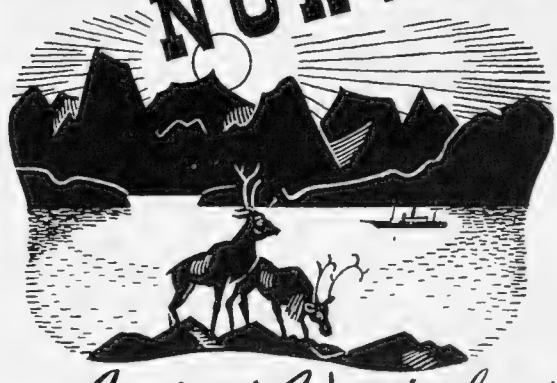

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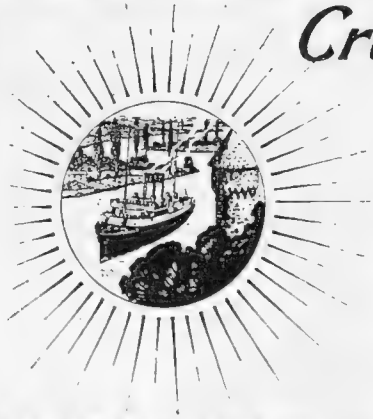

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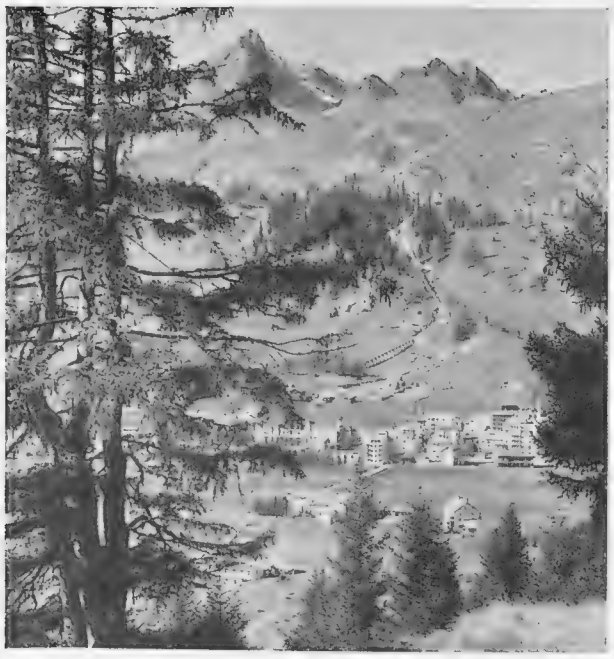


Ulvik is the town at the head of the Hardangerfiord and is thus the centre for excursions by cruisers who land there. This wealth of vegetation, calm deep water and wooded mountains is typical Norway fiord scenery

← ***Davos:*** *better known to many Englishmen as a winter-sports centre, Davos was originally a summer resort, and is still unrivalled as a mountain centre. The new Parsenn funicular (background) has opened up an expanse of new territory for the walker or climber*

In Search of Sunshine

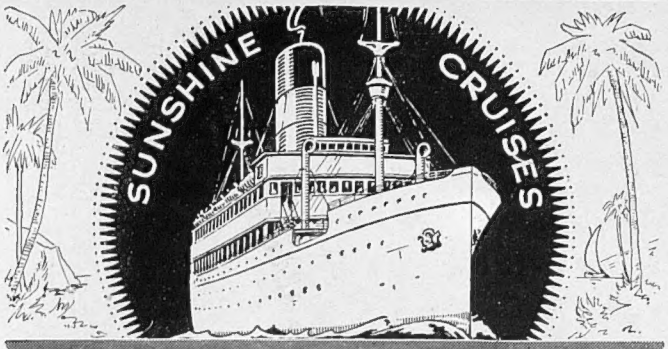
(Continued from page D)

offending molars of his clients; and the apothecary, whose presence is announced by a little red flag, is prescribing for the ailments of his patients.

About one is the strange African smell, into the making of which a score of compounds have entered, and overhead there is the best of disinfectants, the African sun. Rising above this motley mass is the Tower of the Mosque, from which the call to prayer goes forth five times a day.

The visitor, lifting up his eyes and looking to the south, is faced by the Atlas Mountains, only a dozen miles away, where, in a year or two, the tourist agents will be urging their clients to sample the winter sports Behind is the Sahara, at once forbidding and alluring.

Before going back on board the ship, a little time should be given to looking round Safi. How old it is we cannot say, but we do know that it was seized by the Portuguese as long ago as 1510. Safi is really picturesque, and some day, when that and its neighbour Agadir have been "discovered," they may well become the haunts of leisured Britons, for, as Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor writes of the latter: "The place has a unique winter climate; it is 2000 miles nearer to Northern Europe than Assuan or Luxor; it is in a line with Florida, and it lies upon the fringes of romance."



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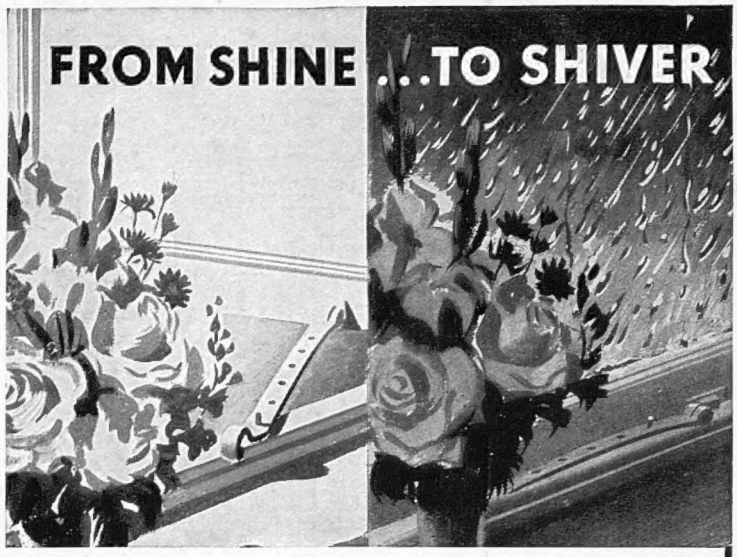

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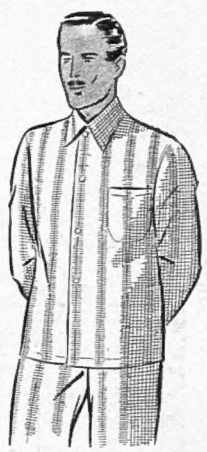

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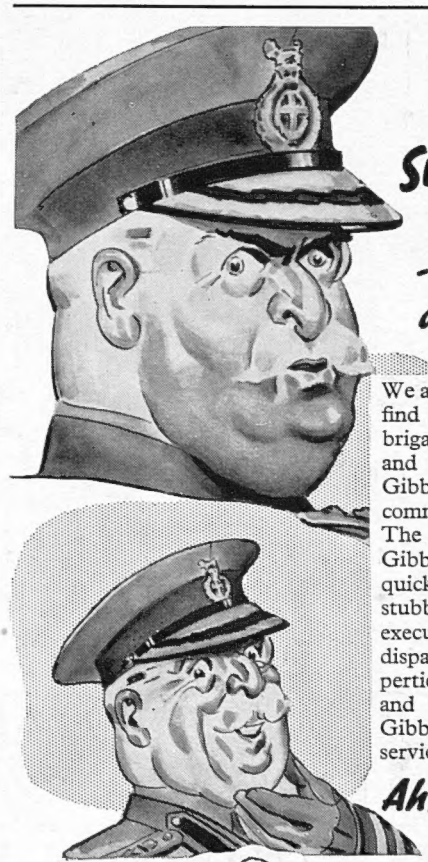

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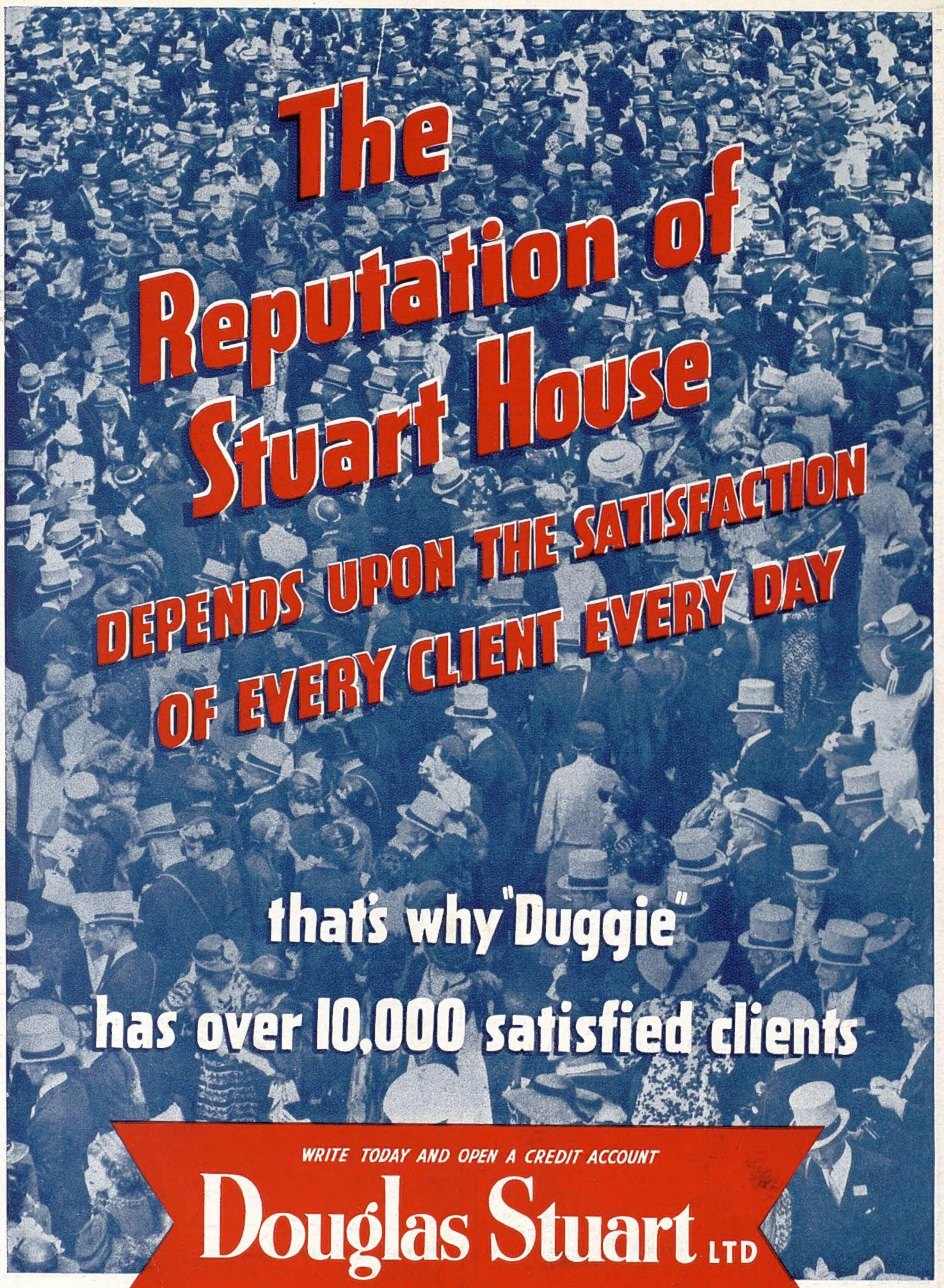
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